

FIFTY
PRIZE
HUNTING
STORIES



Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

JK
 $\frac{55}{20}$

MGR

FIFTY
PRIZE HUNTING STORIES

A COLLECTION OF
TRUE EXPERIENCES WITH A SHOT-GUN

SUBMITTED IN RESPONSE TO THE
OFFER OF PRIZES BY
HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.



PUBLISHED BY
HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
WORCESTER, MASS., U.S.A.

COPYRIGHT, 1911
BY
HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
WORCESTER, MASS.

DESIGNED AND PRINTED BY
DIRECTION OF WALTON ADVERTISING AND PRINTING CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Foreword	5
His First Honker (First Prize), by E. C. Cratty	7
His H. & R. and the Grizzly (Second Prize), by W. D. McGee,	9
Grouse Shooting in Idaho (Third Prize), by C. H. Kessler	11

THE FOLLOWING TWENTY - FIVE STORIES WERE EACH
AWARDED ONE OF THE FIVE-DOLLAR PRIZES:

What a Gun did for me, by A. C. MacNair	13
How he bagged the Gobbler and the Wolf, by John A. Ross	15
One Autumn Afternoon, by O. D. Whalley	17
The Wild Calls of Dr. H. & R., by J. Heard	19
Chased by Two Bears, by Charles H. Jester	21
Wild West Hunting, by Joseph Break	23
Building Mind and Body with a Gun, by C. D. Harrison	25
A Day's Bag, by J. H. Perry	27
He heard the Call of the Wild, by Emil Hendrich	29
The Raccoon brings a Gun, by Stanley B. Wade	31
What a Gun does for him, by Page F. Hess	33
"Now, Boy, be a Good Sportsman," by A. H. Rutledge	35
Saved from the Bear, by Homer Fox	37
A Gun made a Man of him, by T. L. Caraway	39
Boy, Father, Ducks and an H. & R., by Ollis Keithly	41
A Bear Hunt in the Black Hills, by Russell Minehart	43
Good Work accomplished by H. & R. Guns, by B. G. Merrill,	45
Shooting Prairie Chickens with a Muzzle-loader, by C. McCall,	47
Killing a Californian Lion, by John L. Winters	49
The Story of a 20-Gauge, by G. A. Swan	51
Deer Hunting with a Shot-gun, by Carl A. Studer	53
Parrot Stew, by J. H. Fort	56
Nine-years wants a Gun like Daddy's H. & R., by Charles Lower	58

	PAGE
What He Did with an H. & R., by E. C. Healton	59
The Memories called up by an Old H. & R., by John J. Lincoln,	61

THE FOLLOWING WERE OF SUFFICIENT MERIT TO RECEIVE
HONORABLE MENTION:

Killing a Lion with a Shot-gun, by John A. M. Lethbridge . .	65
His First Gun, by Cyril Lennox	68
A Squirrel Hunt, by Russell Lipscomb	71
The Man Hunt, by Ray Anson	73
Shot the Moose with a Ramrod, by Thomas Hubbard	75
Killed his Bear with a 12-Gauge, by John Carter	78
Shooting a Train Robber, by C. D. Titlow	80
What a Gun did with me, by Albert B. Farnham	82
A Rabbit Hunt, by Henry Arendall	84
Shooting a Grizzly with a Double H. & R., by J. A. Talmage .	86
Coon Hunting with a Revolver, by George A. Gorham	87
"Trusty," my Life Preserver, by J. A. Thompson	89
An Extraordinary Chronicle, by Thomas Y. Cooper	91
Protecting the Hen-house with a Gun, by Albert F. Tenney . .	93
How and Where he shot the Snake, by Ollie Adams	95
The Story of an Empty Gun, by R. L. Johnson	97
What I have done with a Gun, by D. Omar Dunn	98
Fox Hunting, by R. B. Pierpont	100
A Gun that hangs Right, sights Right, and shoots Right, by Henry D. Trieper, Jr.	102
"Deaf and Dummy," by W. E. Kessler	104
Teaching the Boy to shoot, by Breck Rightor	106
Twenty-five Birds with Twenty-five Shells, by Gates E. Paddock,	108

FOREWORD.

WE take pleasure in presenting, to those interested in shooting, these true stories of "What I Did with a Gun." They were submitted in response to the offer of a series of prizes ranging from \$100 to \$5. The conditions were that the stories should be true, and the weapon a shot gun.

The stories came from all over the world and narrated most remarkable experiences, from the shooting of birds to the killing of lions.

The advertising which called them forth was placed in various farm papers, a number of national weeklies and magazines. It gives us pleasure to present them to you, and we hope they will be of sufficient interest to find a permanent place upon your library table.





"The old leader fell with a thud almost on top of him."

HIS FIRST HONKER.

By E. C. CRATTY.

Vancouver, Wash.

FIRST PRIZE, \$100.00.

Honk, honk, honk, honk! A small boy, crawling on hands and knees through the tall brown prairie grass, trailing an old smooth-bore army musket after him, dropped flat at the warning cry, and lay still until the band of geese had settled down with the flock already on the feeding-ground. The wily old geese had outgeneralled the lad at every attempt to get within shooting range, until it had become the passion of his life to bag a honker.

Parting the tall grass, he could see the band some two hundred yards away, quietly feeding. Dropping down again, he proceeded to plan an attack. To crawl upon them was out of the question, as their wary old scouts were too keen-eyed and the shelter of the corn-stalks was too scanty for that. Pulling his jacket around his ears, he raised his body slowly into view until he could see they were excited, then as slowly sank out of sight. In a moment he could hear the rush and roar of their wings as they took to flight. Would their curiosity lead them to investigate by circling around the spot from whence the alarm came or would they fly away? Lying flat on his back, every muscle tense with excitement, he saw them pass within a hundred yards on their first circle of investigation. By a careful peep he saw them swing lower, and he knew they were coming back for a closer view. Dropping flat again, he fairly held his breath, and when they popped into view a hundred yards away, low down and coming straight for him, his heart almost stopped beating. With tingling nerves he gripped the old musket tighter, and waited until he could almost see their eyes, then raised the gun, took quick aim at the leader, and fired.

The flash and the smoke blinded him for a moment, but the old leader fell with a thud almost on top of him. He had bagged his honker at last. It was a proud boy that marched home in the glowing autumn sunset, hugging an eleven-pound goose on his shoulder. Many years have passed since that proud feat of early boyhood on the wide Western prairies, but no success with modern firearms has brought so much pleasure as bagging my first goose with a musket.



HIS H. & R. AND THE GRIZZLY.

By W. D. McGEE.

325 Concord St., Los Angeles, Cal.

SECOND PRIZE, \$50.00.

We were camped on a creek in the wildest part of Northwestern Montana, and were preparing to leave, when we decided to first go to the creek's head (a point we had not yet visited), and whip the stream for trout on our way back.

Taking three days' provisions, a couple of blankets, and my Harrington & Richardson shot-gun, we set out, the Gordon setter following at heel. We made camp at dusk on the edge of a windfall. At sunrise we were ready to resume our journey, but found the windfall to be a serious obstacle. The cyclone which had at some time swept across the canyon had mowed down everything in its path, leaving a tangle of fallen trees and underbrush, and my two companions decided to skirt the windfall in search of a better place to cross, while I made up my mind to cross at that point, if possible.

I had with much difficulty succeeded in making my way about half across the windfall, which was about six hundred feet wide at that point, when I espied some kind of an animal in the brush ahead of me, and slipped a buck-shot load in the shot-gun, but it passed from view before I could cover it, and I took up my journey only to be halted soon by a huge log that lay across my path. I was looking toward the small end of the log for a way to get around, when a whine from the dog caused me to turn my head, and the sight that met my gaze nearly froze my blood. On the other end of the log was an enormous silvertip grizzly bear. When he got on the log, was a mystery. I had neither seen nor heard him. Now I was not out hunting, but like Peter, of Holy Writ, I was going fishing; but, if I was not hunting, the bear apparently *was*, for, after briefly sizing me up, he started

toward me on the log. With no tree to climb, running an impossibility, and nothing but a charge of buck-shot in a twelve-gauge shot-gun between me and the wrath of "Bruin," my position was decidedly interesting. Something had to be "did," and that right quick, as the bear was less than thirty feet distant. I was like a cornered rat, and had to fight, and, as the bear continued to approach, I threw the gun to my face. The action caused the bear to turn his head slightly. As he did so, I fired, and he rolled from the log. Hastily recharging the gun, I waited, with nerves at highest tension, for attack from what I feared was a wounded bear; but no attack came, for the Harrington & Richardson had done its work well, the entire charge entering Bruin's left eye, nearly tearing his head off. The adventure cooled my fishing ardor, and we returned to camp, and thence to the Settlements.



"I was like a cornered rat, and had to fight."

GROUSE SHOOTING IN IDAHO.

By C. H. KESSLER.

1520 W. 19th St., Des Moines, Ia.

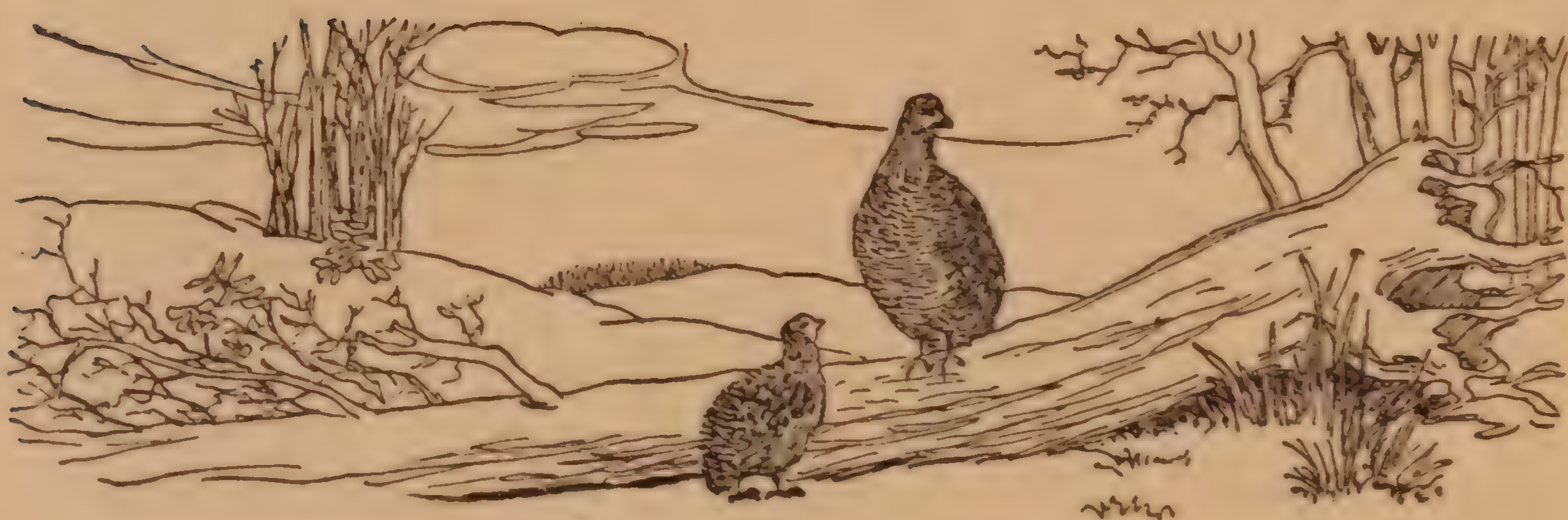
THIRD PRIZE, \$25.00.

It was in the beautiful "Clearwater" country of Idaho that the writer had a day's sport long to be remembered,—one of those clear, bright October days, such as we have only in the high altitude of the pine-clad hills of the "Gem of the Mountains."

Calling my faithful spaniel to heel and shouldering my old reliable Harrington & Richardson double gun, I set out to work the breaks of Orofino Creek for blue and ruffed grouse. I had hardly left the Ranch House when the dog jumped into a huckleberry patch. Up sprang a ruffed grouse with that loud whirr so disconcerting to all young and not a few older sportsmen as well. Throwing the gun to my shoulder, I took a snap-shot at the grouse as he crossed an opening between two large firs. A loud thud and a slight fluttering told me that the old gun (companion of many an hour on the duck passes of Iowa and Minnesota) was still there with the goods. At the words "dead bird," Sport brought in the bird, a fine cock. I smoothed his feathers, and tucked No. 1 in my shooting-coat.

Sport and I now hunted over quite a bit of territory without getting a shot. Several birds were flushed in a dense thicket without offering a shot. All at once a large blue grouse flew out of the top of a large tamarack, where he had no doubt been feeding on tamarack buds. Several trees between prevented a shot until he was seemingly out of range. The temptation to shoot was too strong to resist, however. At the crack of the gun he fluttered to the ground, winged a good 80-yard shot. "Got him, didn't we?" Sport seemed to say, as he brought him proudly to me. Truly, a fine game bird, plump as a Plymouth Rock chicken.

Continuing along the tamarack ridge, we jumped bird after bird. I shot better than I ever remember to have before or since. Sport was in his element; and, as he retrieved bird after bird, he seemed to say, "Old pal, this beats duck shooting on the marshes." Twelve shots fired and ten birds killed, only two misses,—surely, the old gun did herself proud that day. Ten big, plump grouse make a good heavy load for a shooting-coat, so Sport and I started for the Ranch House. We were walking along a deer trail when a fool hen fluttered up into a bush a few feet above the dog's nose. Here is a good chance for practice with a revolver. So, laying down the shot-gun, I drew the little 22-calibre Harrington & Richardson target revolver at a distance of less than ten yards. It was heads or no shot, and we added him to our collection. Somewhat tired, but well satisfied with our success, we wended our way to the ranch. Great sport! Beautiful country! Good gun! Faithful dog! What more can the heart of a sportsman desire?



The following twenty-five stories were each awarded one of the Five Dollar prizes.

WHAT A GUN DID FOR ME.

By A. C. MacNAIR.

Empire, Canal Zone, Isthmus of Panama.

The tropical jungle bordering the Chagres River in South America abounds in many wild animals.

At about daybreak we disembarked from a cayuga, our party being made up of three friends, six Cholos, or Indian beaters, myself, and five foxhounds. Before noon our bag had amounted to one tapir, three deer, and one fifteen-foot alligator, which was despatched by a general fusillade as he lay in the mud.

After lunch we decided to separate for the beginning of the afternoon hunt, and to come again together at a certain point agreed upon. Dalton came with me. He was armed with a double-barrel, 12-gauge Harrington & Richardson shot-gun, while I had a 303 Savage and a 44 Army Colt revolver.

Dalton was lagging about one hundred yards behind me, when I saw a drove of about two hundred peccaries. Of all animals in South American jungles, none is more dangerous when molested nor so absolutely fearless of man as the peccary,—a little wild pig with bristly hair and sharp two-inch tusks, being very swift of foot and travelling in large droves. They have actually been known to kill a jaguar through sheer force of numbers. However, I could not resist the temptation to take a shot with my rifle at about seventy-five yards, and over tumbled a peccary. With short, angry grunts the remainder of the drove stopped stock-still, and then, perceiving me, charged full tilt at a swift trot in my direction.

I quickly threw open the magazine of my rifle to insert another cartridge to take the place of the one just fired, making a full chamber of five soft-nosed bullets. Taking careful aim, I commenced to fire, and brought down a peccary for each of the first four shots and wounded one with the last shot. As the peccaries were then about twenty feet away, I threw away my unloaded rifle and pulled out my revolver, when the peccaries were at me, biting my leather puttees and snarling like wildcats. I managed to kill four more with my Colt, missing once point-blank in my excitement, when I was knocked off my feet and gave myself up for lost.

Dalton in the mean time, hearing my first shot, came running, being within thirty feet when I fell, and emptied both barrels of buck-shot of his Harrington & Richardson at the peccaries surrounding me, aiming as close to me as he dared, instantly killing six. The courage of the peccaries seemed to desert them, and with a loud grunt they dashed away into the thick underbrush.

Shortly afterwards the other hunters, hearing the shots, came running up. My wounds were temporarily bandaged, and I was carried down to the canoe and paddled back to camp, where I did not fully recover from my wounds for three weeks.

I naturally consider that I owe my life to the reliability of a Harrington & Richardson shot-gun in time of danger and unforeseen emergency.



HOW HE BAGGED THE GOBBLER AND THE WOLF.

By JOHN A. ROSS.

Caddo Mills, Tex.

On a bright morning in March, 1908, as I was hoeing corn (the corn-field being near the river), I heard the gobble of a turkey down near the river. As I had my faithful old shot-gun out in the field, of course I laid down my hoe and grabbed my gun. By walking, crawling, dragging myself along, I was soon almost in gun-shot of Mr. Gobbler.

To those who have never tried hunting a gobbler, I can tell them they can't walk straight up to one, whistling and singing. You have just got to outgeneral him, that is all. As I say, I came in sight of my prey, I carefully advanced foot by foot, now crawling, now lying down flat on the ground, waiting for him to pass behind a tree or a bush or turn his head. At last the moment came,—the moment that thrills a hunter's heart. For just such feelings hunters will risk their lives, tramp through rain and wind, cold and snow, etc. The click of the hammer as you cock your gun, level it to your shoulder, draw your bead! (Oh! don't it make you feel good, boys?) A sharp bang. The old gobbler rolls over about one hundred feet away. How proudly I swung him over my shoulder, and went strutting home as only a boy can strut when he has done something big!

A few mornings later I was out hunting turkey (with the same gun, being a Harrington & Richardson 12-gauge, single-barrel). I had hunted around without any luck until I became tired, and lay down on the grass to rest and to listen for a gobble. The brush being very dense, I couldn't see far either way. I think I had about gone to sleep when I heard a noise off to my right (my gun laying on the ground near by). I quickly turned to see the cause of the noise. What I saw made my hair stand up like meadow grass. Thoughts ran

through my mind like a bullet through a rifle. What was it? A lion, tiger, panther, or what? The creature (whatever he was) stopped, looked, for he had now seen me. A moment,



“It was a large timber wolf.”

that click was heard again. A bang! The creature rolled over; quickly springing to his feet, bounded through the brush, but only for a few yards, then he fell again, never to rise again. I ran up, saw it was a large timber wolf. He was carrying a large piece of old red and white cowhide in his mouth which he had been gnawing on.

ONE AUTUMN AFTERNOON.

By O. D. WHALLEY.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

“Cracking torpedoes! Toby! There’s a beaut of a bunch, just round the point in the little cove. Back up quick before they get wind of us. I believe we can get a shot right through those willows if we sneak up quiet.”

We had been paddling around in the rushes for about three hours, and were just starting home in disgust, when I sighted a dandy flock of ducks.

I was particularly anxious to get a shot at some ducks that day, because, besides being in the company of Toby Troutwine, the recognized crack hunter and fisherman of our little burg, I had a Harrington & Richardson double-barrel shot-gun that I had just bought, and I was sure that I could put it all over Toby, who was always tooting about his gun, which was of some indifferent make, I don’t remember what. So I sneaked around the point, quiet as a redskin, while Toby stayed down at the point to get ’em when they rose over the trees.

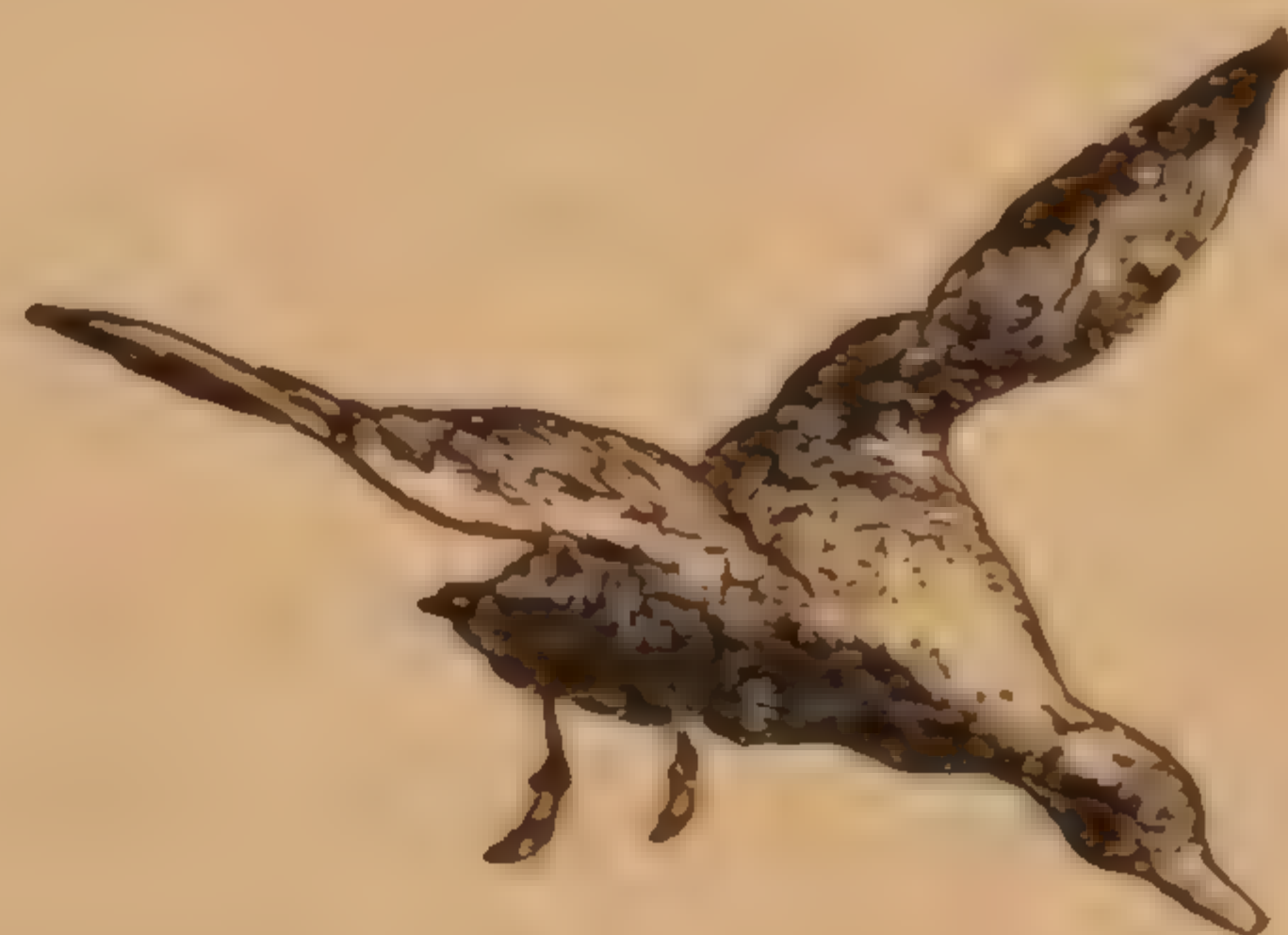
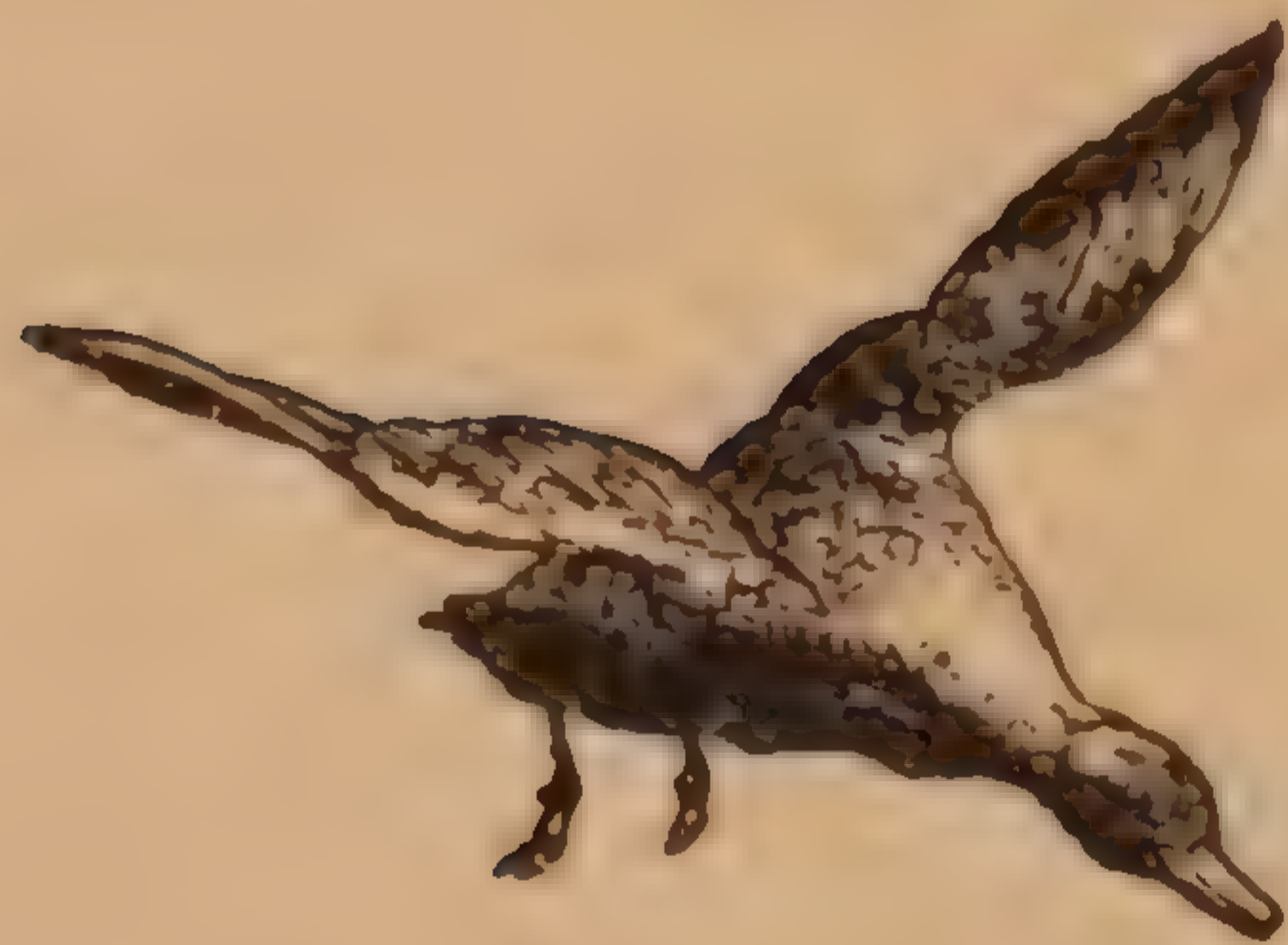
Gee! when I came in sight of them through the trees, my heart was going like a drummer bird, whack, whack against my slats. Guess it must have been that started ’em up right in a bunch, and I let ’em have it bang, then bang, and then Toby went bang, bang. I saw some flutter down, and I ran, as if I were crazy, to the boat, shoved it off, and we soon picked up two that Toby had dropped, and then around in the cove we found five that I had brought down. I was so tickled, that I could hardly keep in the boat, that I had skinned old Troutwine.

The rest of the flock had gone over to the other lake a half a mile away, so we tracked it for home. We were just about a mile on our way, going through a patch of thick woods, when we heard a cracking and smashing as if some

big brute was in dry brush, and then right in front of us came out a black bear that looked to me as big as a bull.

Toby shoved in a cartridge of buck-shot, and with less sense than judgment he blazed away at him. Up went Mr. Bear in the air, and Toby let him have it again, getting him in the foot that time, but he kept coming right at us, and we both shinned for a tree. I happened to one with low limbs and managed to hang on to my gun, Mr. Bruin too darned close for comfort, but he couldn't make the tree business with his game foot, and there he stood all froth and his eyes blood-red! Gee! but he was mad. By the time my hair had settled down from perpendicular he had walked away a little, and was sitting there, licking his foot, but watching us close.

"Toby," I said, "toss me over one of those buck-shot boys. I don't want to stay here till he gets ready to move." Although Toby scoffed the idea, I could not help but notice he tossed me a cartridge. I slipped it in, and let Mr. Bear have it, jing! He was mad, started right up after me, but gradually his hold weakened, and he dropped down in a heap, for I had got him through his winter coat, tough old hide and all.



THE WILD CALLS OF DR. H. & R.

By J. HEARD.

Duluth, Ga.

When I left the farm at the age of twenty-one, and started working in a store, I was as energetic as any ambitious boy could be. But the confinement, together with constant work and frequent and irregular eating, soon showed a vacancy in my hustle. Time passed, old age came on me rapidly. Every day I worked harder. In this way each year found me hurrying and worrying, with no thought except that of making money. But nature cannot be cheated, and, to make twenty-one years short, at the age of forty-two I had changed from an active boy to a fat, inactive, grouchy old dyspeptic.

"Go to some resort and rest up," my partners suggested. But I longed for the great out-of-doors. Maybe it was Nature holding out the "call of the soil." Anyhow, the first of June found me, with my wife, in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, forty miles from a railroad, and with one purpose reigning in my heart,—to get well.

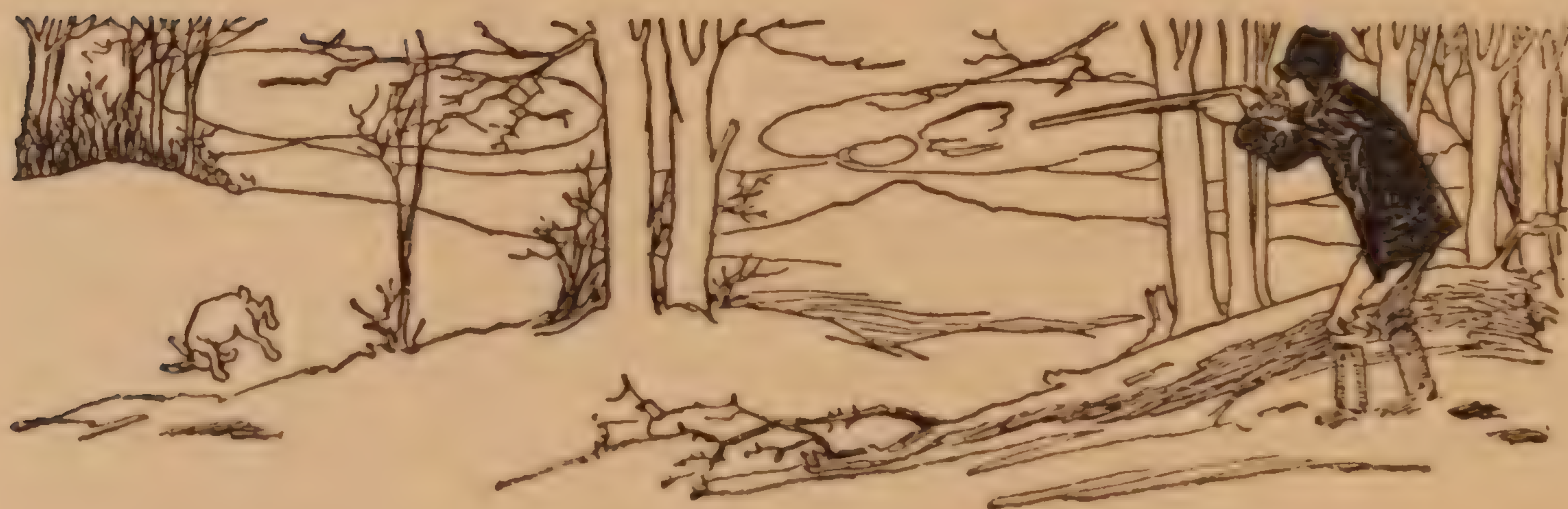
As the days passed, I found myself with a light "Harrington & Richardson" single-shot gun "answering the call," as I wandered farther up the mountain sides each day. I explored every crook and turn in the mountain paths, shooting small game and enjoying the climbs. I was never satisfied unless I was shooting something. Almost everything that moved found itself a target for my aim. Now and then I would stumble recklessly, occasionally sliding down some steep bank in a way that would have been dangerous with a gun less safe. But I never felt any risk. I just followed my gun. And the places it led me to!—to the springs of pure mountain water, to the top of the big lost peaks, where I could view the wonderful scenery. All the time I was getting the exercise I so much needed.

My brain soon cleared. Memory cells that had long been

closed were opened as my old body was made new by simple, wholesome food, pure, fresh air, and the healthful exercise that following my gun gave to me.

I had gone there to get well. I just followed my gun, and that is how I made myself a boy at forty-two. I am forty-eight now, but two months in each year, for the past six years, have found me in the same quiet little spot, following the same little gun. I have been good to my gun, for 'tis easily cleaned. And with all my shooting there are yet no loose joints, and now every year my two partners may be seen there with me, following two guns of same make as mine.

We want something to show for old age besides our years.



CHASED BY TWO BEARS.

By CHARLES H. JESTER.

Anaheim, Cal.

In the year 1906, when I was twelve years old, I lived in a small lumber camp at Robe, Wash. In the mountains were many bear and deer.

One day my father and I went hunting. I had a 30-30 Winchester repeater, and my father had an old muzzle-loader. We had seen many bear tracks, but had not seen any bears. I was walking up a small river-bed, called Canyon Creek, and my father was near the top of the hill to one side. I was walking along, and, just as I came around a rock, I heard a loud growl. I looked to one side, and not thirty feet away a large bear was standing in front of two cubs. A cougar, similar to a mountain lion, was about ten feet away, and was lashing its tail. It suddenly straightened its tail, and sprang toward the cubs. The bear stood on her hind legs, and struck it with one front paw. The cougar jumped up, snarling and growling. I did not want them to see me, as I was afraid both of them might attack me, and I was very interested in their actions.

The cougar was just going to spring again, when I heard a terrific roar behind me, and, as I leaped to one side, the father bear landed where I had been standing. I pulled up my gun, and began firing at him. The cougar ran, but the mother bear came toward me to help her mate. I had fired three shots, but only one had hit the bear. He was close upon me, so I scrambled up the rock. Both bears tried to climb after me, and I fired once more. The father bear fell over, and clawed up the ground. I fired twice at the mother, who kept coming toward me. Just then my foot slipped, and I dropped my gun while trying to balance myself. When the bear got to the top, I slid down the other side and ran. The bear came lumbering after me. My foot caught

under a rock, and I fell head first. I got up, and the bear was just behind me. I yelled for my father, who was even then coming toward us on the run. The bear struck me on my right shoulder and sent me sprawling. Just then my father fired, and the bear rolled over on top of me, dead.

Then my father got him off, helped me to my feet, and bound up my arm. He then shot the cubs, who were old enough to bite through a man's arm, and skinned them. He hung the bears up to a limb with some buckskin, and then helped me home. The next day we went back to get them, with four other men and two horses, but the cougar had eaten part of two and spoiled another by tearing it. It was two months before I was able to go hunting again.



WILD WEST HUNTING.

BY JOSEPH BREAK.

Spokane, Wash.

In 1863 I bought a double-barrelled rifle and shot-gun. I went to Belle Plaine, Ia. I shot rabbits, quails, ducks, and prairie chickens. I shipped East over two tons of the above game, but bought a few to fill orders. I shot a wild goose at three hundred yards with the rifle and put the bullet through his head.

In April, 1864, I started for Idaho with a wagon train of 418 men, 10 women, and 10 children, horses, mules, and 124 wagons.

North-west of Big Horn Mountains I saw between eight and ten thousand buffalo in one herd. They were in the valley about one-half mile wide and nine miles long, of almost solid buffalo. They had large buffalo bulls for guards, from one to five in a group. It looked like a black river.

We shot all the buffalo we could eat, taking choice parts and leaving the rest. The hides were of no value then.

We often saw twenty to forty antelope a day. One morning we killed thirteen antelope before dinner. One day we saw a bear go into some brush. Captain Hulbert started in on horseback, but soon turned his horse again, as the bear was after him. Two men were on one side, three on the other, and the captain and horse in front. The bear viewed the crowd with a quick glance, then grabbed the horse by the tail, pulling him almost down. The horse snorted and struggled frantically, and made a desperate effort to kick old Bruin, which it did at last. The horse's struggles threw the captain over the horse's head. We fired at the bear, and he fell over dead. He was a large cinnamon, weighing about four hundred pounds. A comical sight was to see the captain try to run, and his legs would not hold him up. They were shaking with fright, and he dared not look around for

fear the bear would grab him in the face. The horse escaped with no great injury.

One day I shot and wounded a buffalo which was coming toward me. There were three others with it. I hid in the long grass, thinking they would pass by and I could reload my gun, which was a muzzle-loader. Oh, if I only had then the repeating guns of to-day! I saw the buffalo's eyes approaching through the long grass, coming straight for me, about four rods away. I had no time to finish loading, so decided to run; and, as I started, I went so quickly that my hat rose also and fell where I started on the swiftest run I ever ran in my life. Two hundred men saw me, and yelled and drew the buffalo's attention, and a man reached me on horseback.

The road to Virginia City that we made was a few years later guarded by General Custer where the Indians killed him. They were very hostile to us; and, if it were not for my guns, I would not have lived to tell the many skirmishes with Indians and wild beasts.

I have killed deer, buffalo, antelope, bear, wolves, and caribou.



"The horse's struggles threw the captain over the horse's head."

BUILDING MIND AND BODY WITH A GUN.

By C. D. HARRISON.

Edgerton, Mo.

I have helped build a mind and body, stored it with a vitality that is surprising; trained the eye to be quick in judging distances accurately and distinguishing objects, whether still or moving; trained it to pick out game as well as to judge where to place the foot where it will be safe and has solid support.

Brought a control over the nerves and muscles that can be made in no other way, made them to act on the instant with a snap and steadiness that is hard to realize.

Take a gun and go to the woods for a few weeks, and, when you come back, you will realize a change, and such a change it is, for it cannot be wrought otherwise. I cannot tell you or explain the difference, but you will see and feel it. It must be tried to be realized, and, realized, it is a success, for, upon approach of the dusk, cool nights when the frost begins to fall, the blood to thicken, there comes a strange longing that will not be stilled till you get out your gun and hunting rig and hike to the fields of game.

Those that have "been there" will know and realize what I am trying to tell and cannot, for it is indescribable. You have to go to realize it.

A good gun is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to its owner. Please note I said *good*, not *fancy* or *nicely finished*.

My first rifle was a Flobert, a present from an uncle for helping drive some steers to market. This was in Western Kansas. Soon after I bought a Harrington & Richardson single-shot, which was the pride of my boyhood; for many is the prairie dog, "rattler," grouse, quail, and young rabbit that fell before it on an early morning's ramble. I lost this gun in the north fork of the Canadian River, when three of us upset a boat,—glad to get off that easy.

Have had many a gun since, but none has brought me more pleasure than that old Harrington & Richardson, for it was the most accurate gun for a boy that I ever saw.

Take my outing with the gun away, and you have my chief pleasure. I think all sportsmen will agree on this point. The American public owe the inventor and manufacturer of good firearms far more than most of them realize, for that is how we have been made the best marksmen in the world, simply having good guns and plenty of ground to become used to them.

I have risen at 4 A.M., taken my gun, and visited the river and lake, and spent a very pleasant morning. Then next day I have enjoyed over again the morning's shooting as I ate my dinner of wild game; for who is it that does not love the wild meat in the fall of the year when the days begin to get sharp?

As I write, veiled memories flit by of the times I have made seemingly impossible doubles and of a long chance shot that killed. It is then that a sportsman looks lovingly at "Old Betsy," and says: "Boys, did you see her reach out and knock that one? Isn't she a dandy? How much will I take? Will I sell her? No, boys, not enough to buy Betsy from me; for where could I find another that would just fit me as she does? No, I have a gun that fits me to a T. Y. T., and no money can buy it; for haven't we travelled this country over together, enjoying that pleasure so dear to the sportsman?"

A good gun, used often and taken care of, can bring to a man or boy everything that makes a good, strong man,—health, strength in mind and body, courage, and the love of fair play.

Purchase a good gun, and try it, and you will be agreeably surprised.

A DAY'S BAG.

By J. H. PERRY.

Shortsville, N.Y.

That sentence brings to my mind a morning of pleasure spent in the woods with one of those guns a boy first owns,—a single-barrel.

Starting out one clear, cold October morning, before the break of day, a friend with an L. C. Smith gun and myself with a Harrington & Richardson, we made for a wood on a near-by hill, where we intended to hunt squirrels. We were in the woods just as the sun came over a hill across the valley, sending its first rays through the tops of the big oak-trees over our heads.

After quietly separating, I picked out an old stump and sat down, waiting for the first bark of a gray. I had not long to wait before I heard one coming down the side of a large ravine toward where I sat. After a few jumps from tree to tree, he stopped to feed in a large oak-tree about thirty paces from where I sat.

Knowing this to be a good feeding-ground, I concluded to wait and not shoot, hoping that others would come there to feed also. He had not been there to exceed ten minutes, when there were five others with him, three grays and two blacks.

How to get them all was now the question. Waiting until I got two nearly in line, I fired, and imagine my surprise to see three squirrels fall, two dead and one nearly so. You see, one of them had been behind some leaves, and I had not seen him when I shot. -

Looking up, I saw the two blacks running out on a large limb toward a big oak. Quickly reloading my gun, I fired, and got one of them. By the time I had reloaded, the other black was quite a long way off, but, thinking I could afford to take a chance after such luck, I shot, and down he came.

I afterward paced it off, and it was sixty-nine paces from where I stood to the dead squirrel.

Leaving the squirrels where they had fallen, I sat down and watched the same tree where I had shot the first ones, hardly expecting to see any more. Just then my friend came along, and, as he neared the tree, I saw the other gray swing around the trunk of the tree toward me. Once more I fired, and down he came. Picking up the squirrels, we started toward home, I with six squirrels, and my friend with none.

In climbing over an old fence, I felt something soft under my foot, and, looking down, I saw the largest black snake I have ever seen, stretched out, sunning himself. Needless to say, I was startled, but, recovering my senses, I shot him. He measured fourteen inches longer than my single-barrelled gun.

On the way home I shot two partridges and a rabbit, and my friend shot a hawk.



HE HEARD THE CALL OF THE WILD.

By EMIL HENDRICH.

Washington, Mo.

I had spent sixteen years of my life in the school-room, and for that time had diligently burned the midnight oil, and wadded my brain with monstrosities of mathematics, chemistry, dead and foreign languages, and other academic rot.

Sixteen years in a school-room degenerates a man. His muscles get soft as mud, and his nerves are over-sensitive. He is afraid of exposure to heat or cold, and is afraid of physical exertion or manual labor.

I was graduated from college at a time of a financial panic. There was little chance for an inexperienced man to find employment, and I realized that I was poorly equipped to compete in the struggle for existence.

I then resolved to forget this academic learning, and make a brand-new start. I concluded that self-preservation was the first law, and for self-preservation I needed strength, experience, and a clear brain, and also to regain the physical powers of resistance that I had burned up by the midnight oil.

I finally doped out a happy combination whereby I could accomplish the required regeneration, make a good living, gain experience, and see the country. I decided to do it with a shot-gun.

I hunted up a partner, and together we bought a house-boat at St. Louis, and started down the Mississippi River on a hunting trip for the winter. The trip was a success in every way. We hunted geese and ducks mostly, as they brought the most money. Geese brought from thirty-five to seventy-five cents apiece. When conditions were favorable, we would kill from ten to twenty geese in a day. We did our shooting over decoys from pits on the sand-bars. We

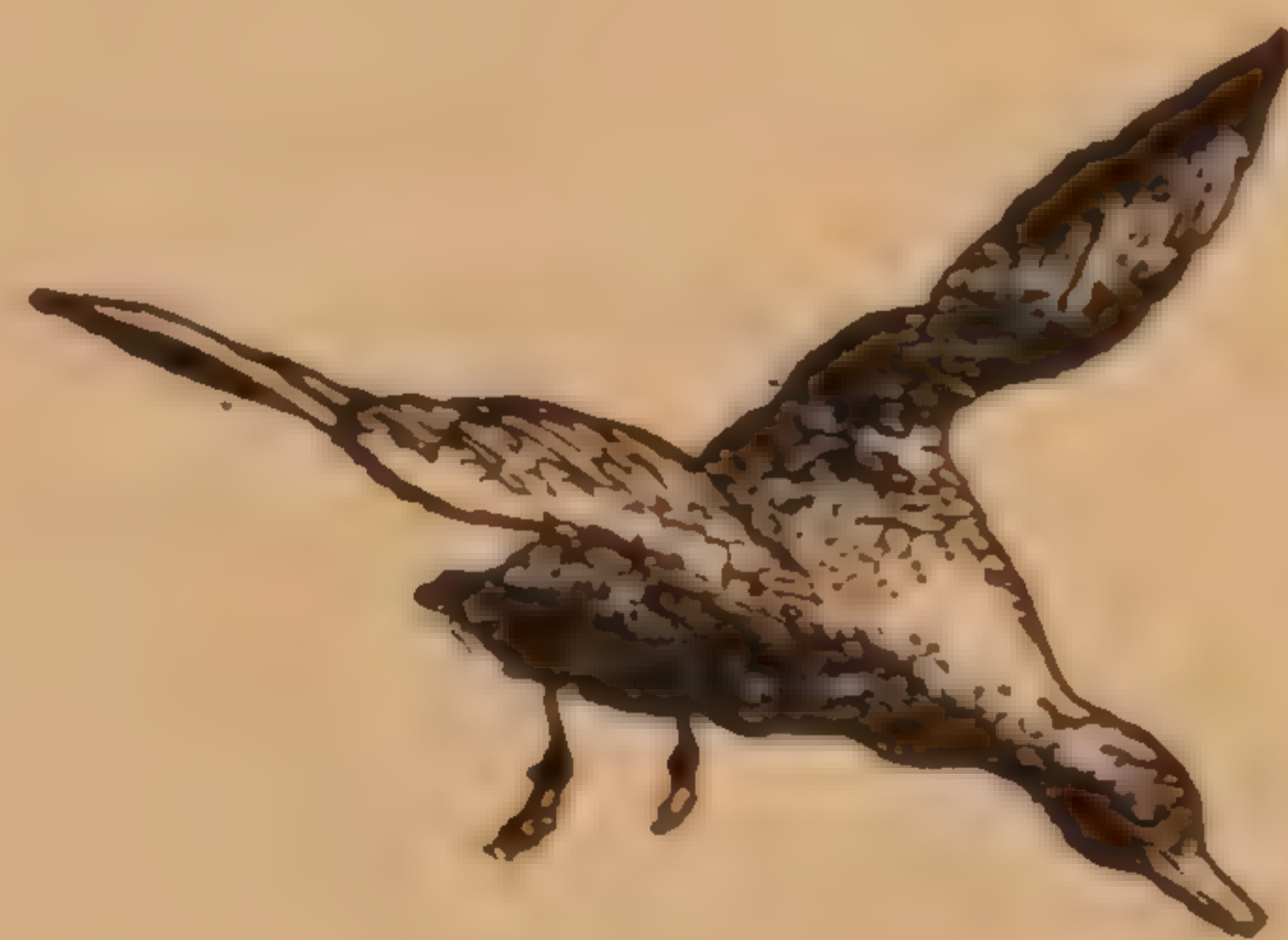
shot quail, squirrels, and rabbits for our own use. On this trip I learned to be a good cook. This I consider a most valuable piece of education, because a man's strength comes from the food that he eats. I gained strength and weight very fast, and, being out in the open all day, I regained the powers of resistance to exposure and cold. I also enjoyed a free and tranquil state of mind.

I observed many things as I went along, and suddenly blossomed out as a writer for newspapers and magazines. My first magazine article attracted considerable attention, and since then I have had no difficulty in placing what I write.

Our trip lasted about six months. With the strength and experience I had gained as an asset, I travelled over the whole United States, working my way as I went. I tackled anything from a pick to a pencil.

On a second hunting trip I learned to use a camera. I used the pictures to illustrate my writings. I also took a set of hunting pictures, which I had enlarged and reproduced in photogravure. I have sold over five thousand of them by mail order.

I have derived more direct benefit from hunting as a recreation than from any other sport. In football or baseball it is necessary to hunt up the other men required to play the game. This is the drawback with any athletic sport. To go hunting, all that is necessary is to whistle for the dog: he is always ready.



THE RACCOON BRINGS A GUN.

By STANLEY B. WADE.

Greenbush, Mass.

One day in the fall when I was about ten years old all of my folks went to a fair and left me at home.

I had long wished for an opportunity to try my brother's 22-calibre rifle, and, thought I, here is my chance. I took the little rifle—an old model Remington—and started for a piece of oak woods, where squirrels were abundant. I had only two cartridges. I dared not take more for fear they would be missed and the consequences might be painful, as I had been strictly warned to leave the guns alone.

As soon as I came to the oaks, I could hear the grays scolding each other and dropping nuts. Soon a large old one came running down the trunk of a tree near by, and sat up on a dead branch about twenty feet from the ground.

With my hands trembling, my heart beating wildly, and every nerve in me quivering, I drew a bead on what seemed to me the monarch of the woods. I pressed the trigger, and with the report the old gray squirrel leaped wildly into the air and fell limply with a heavy thud.

The night was approaching. The dew was beginning to gather on the grass, and the sun had already disappeared. Easily throwing in my other cartridge, I rushed to the foot of the tree. There lay my gray squirrel, a red spot square in the centre of his chest, dead beyond a doubt.

With some misgivings about my reception, I started homeward. I was obliged to drop my burden every little while; but, as I was only a quarter of a mile from home, I soon arrived. The folks had returned, but I, with joyous heart, marched up to the door-step and threw down my game with a whoop of triumph. All of the folks came running, and besieged me with questions: "Where did you get it?" "What is it?" "Well, I never!" So many questions con-

fused me. I could only say, "Down in the big oaks, settin' on er limb eatin' an acorn, 'bout twenty feet erway."

My father said to me: "Boy, do you realize what you have done? You have killed the first coon seen around here for thirty years." Dumfounded, I gasped in amazement. Then I cried out: "Let me have a gun, and I'll get some more. I seen a lot just like this one, only not half as big and 'thout no stripes."

Then my father explained to me that the small ones were gray squirrels, and my squirrel was a young raccoon. "But," said he, "you deserve a gun, and you shall have one."

And I got it, too.



WHAT A GUN DOES FOR HIM.

By PAGE F. HESS.

Middleburg, N.Y.

The words "What I Did with a Gun" mean much to me personally, and would mean as much to many others if they would think of their gun as a companion and spend the time in the woods that is wasted in idleness.

With my gun as my companion I have saved doctor's bills, done away with those sleepless nights after hard and nervous work in the office, quickened the action of both body and mind, learned to love the hills and dales, and look forward to each moment I could spend in their midst.

When out with my companion and looking for game, my business troubles are forgotten, I am alert, every nerve is tingling, and a new and refreshing flow of blood is rushing through my veins. I am breathing good, pure air, which, with my unusual exercise, is going down deep in my lungs, and expelling the old foul stuff which has accumulated there during the time spent in the hot, crowded office.

Take a novice in the woods, and let an old cock partridge rise from nearly under his feet with a noise almost like thunder. His heart will go up in his throat with a jump, and he will endeavor to look in every direction at once, but nine times out of ten he always looks in the wrong direction—until too late. His nerves are "off," and his mind and body are slow to respond.

Not so with the one who with his *companion* has experienced the same scene many times before. It is music to his ears, and, instead of losing control of his nerves, it acts as a tonic, and his mind and body work together. His gun comes to his shoulder, his finger presses the trigger at the right moment, and he has a feast fit for a king.

He is tired, but happy, as he rests himself on a near-by log and surveys the quiet scene in the valley below. He wishes

it might be for all time. He has gotten next to Nature and learned to love her beauty.

Upon his arrival home he finds his good wife has supper waiting him; and after the meal (the amount of which he can store away surprises him) he retires and puts in a night of the sleep that *rests* and makes him ready to again take up the grind of business life.

I have experienced the above time and time again, and each trip makes me the more capable of meeting the many trials of life. *Who does not want to do the same as I have with my gun?*

The answers will be few, if honestly spoken.



“NOW, BOY, BE A GOOD SPORTSMAN.”

By A. H. RUTLEDGE.

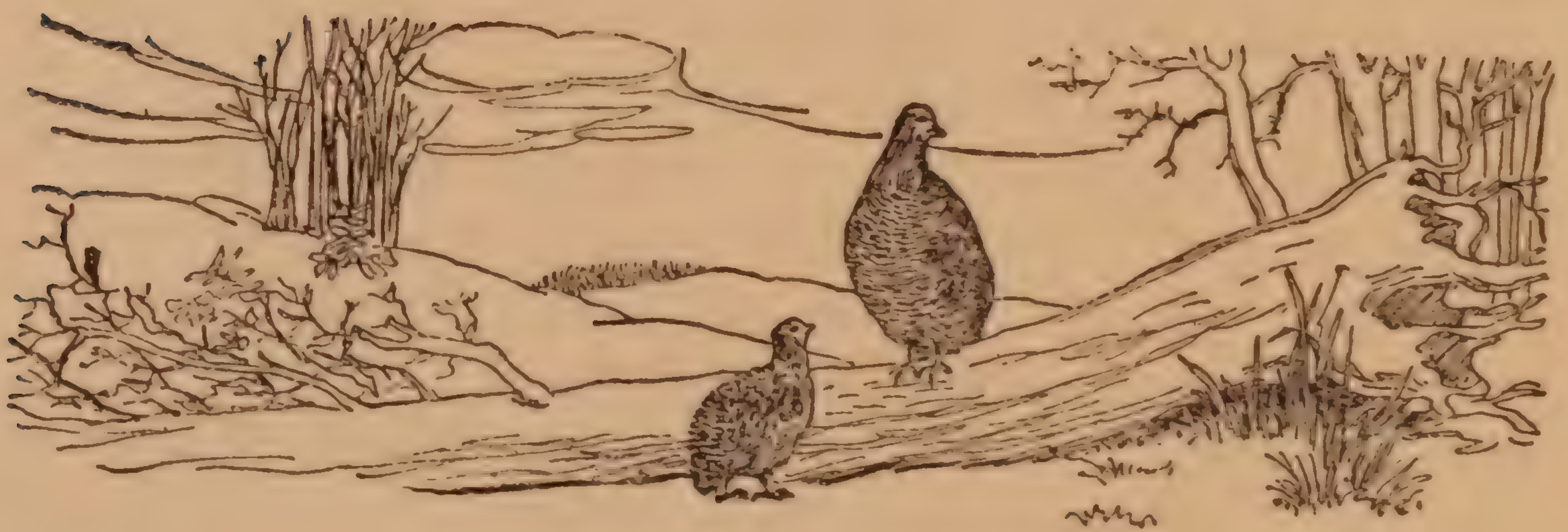
Mercersburg, Pa.

Every man and every boy should own a good gun; for to have one and to use it well is to become an honest sportsman, an ideal type of the manly man. A gun is a companion, a defender, a never-failing friend, a pleasure-supplying servant, and a bread-winner. To be worthy of a man's affection and confidence, a gun should be safely built, accurately balanced, and a hard hitter. That the Harrington & Richardson guns meet these exacting requirements I can most emphatically maintain. This story will prove how far and how true they shoot and how great a pleasure it is to own one.

I was born on a Southern rice plantation, and have been familiar with guns, hunting, and the ways of the woods all my life. The best day I ever spent with a gun was the Christmas when I was twelve years old. As I came downstairs that morning, my father met me, and put into my eager hands a beautiful little Harrington & Richardson single-barrel. “Now, boy,” he said, “be a good sportsman.”

After breakfast we rode into the great pine woods on a deer hunt. Father put me on a famous stand, and soon I heard the three deerhounds cry out in the heavy thicket before me. How my heart did jump and pound! Soon there came the thudding sound of deer running, and I saw the myrtle bushes parted by two beautiful bucks that broke into the open pinewood. Their rich dun coats glistened and their tall antlers glinted in the sunlight. Pushed by the dogs, they were coming straight for me, all sails set. My gun had a shot-charge of twelve “blue-whistlers,” the largest size of buck-shot. I flattened myself against a big pine, and waited. On they came, seeming to grow larger with every jump. I was breathing hard, and my hands

were white with gripping my gun. The hounds burst out of the bushes, and their chiming chorus rose high and clear. The sudden change in their cry made the two bucks veer, and, almost before I realized it, they were careening off at another angle, sailing at cyclone speed. It was a hundred yards, at a target flitting among the trees, and I was only a little fellow! But a good gun was in my hands. I threw it to my shoulder, drew down the sight until it led the larger buck's foreflank by a foot, and touched the trigger. The first powder blackened my gun, the first shot sped whistling out, and some of them went home. For through the smoke I could see but *one* white flag flying far through the woods. When I reached the old monarch, he lay stone-dead, his great craggy antlers crowning him like a diadem. And one of the happiest moments of my life was when my father came up, shook my hand, slapped me on the shoulder, and said he was proud of me and that I was worthy of his Christmas gift.



SAVED FROM THE BEAR.

By HOMER FOX.

Ramey Station, Pa.

No doubt the following will be read with pleasure,—a hunt I had in Black Log Mountains, between Mifflin and Fulton Counties, Pa.

Having arrived there at night, the following morning Blair and I were up early to go after turkey. It was a fine, crisp November morning, at about 6 A.M. I was up in the mountains and found a feeding-place, and the signs were good for turkey. Sitting for an hour or two, wishing for turkey and at the same time thinking of my good and bad deeds, which the most of us possess, I spied a fine fellow, and got him sure with my Marlin shot-gun and No. 2 chilled shot. I waited long, but no more came that I could see, so started further along the mountain side over rocks, and, walking and stealing along cautiously as possible, I came upon a log road, where logs had been hauled down the mountain side.

I stood and looked up, and was wondering where Blair was and if he had got a turkey, yet I had not heard any shot fired. Looking up, behold! up above me I saw a large bear. He stood looking directly at me. I guess he was wondering what kind of an animal I was, and he started towards me. He was about 100 and some odd yards off. At once I threw out the shot shells and put in ball cartridges, 16 to pound, made by the U. M. C. They are splendid for 50 to 75 yards. Standing among rocks, I waited until he got within 40 or 50 yards of me,—yes, he was still coming. At last I took careful aim and fired at his left shoulder and missed that point, but the shot lodged in his side just back of the shoulder, which in my judgment was caused by his making a step with his left foot, that just threw his shoulder to the right of him, just allowing the bullet to miss the shoulder.

He was now not feeling very good (neither was I). Down he was coming, and the gun failed to uncock itself to allow me to throw out the empty shell and load up, so I was trying to work the forearm, but no, I had forgotten in the excitement to press on the pivot alongside the hammer. I saw I was in a box, sure. I was just on the point of throwing the gun aside and pulling my Harrington & Richardson revolver 38 when Blair hollered, telling me to step aside,—and that was no easy trick, standing on rocks,—but I did the best I could, when I heard the screech of a 38-Winchester bullet fly past, and it struck Mr. Bear fair between the eyes. He fell just about nine feet from where I was standing. Feel very *good*? No, sir, my temper got the better of me, and with the Harrington & Richardson I gave him another, behind the ear. He was a nice, tough little fellow, 250 pounds. I had to sit for a while to cool off before trying to carry him down the mountain.

I am preparing to go this coming season for big game, with friends, and no doubt will be able to give an account of our trip if this escapes the waste-basket.



A GUN MADE A MAN OF HIM.

By T. L. CARAWAY.

Friars Hill, W. Va.

Five years ago, in the month of April, we were seated at the breakfast table, when father said, "Boys, I will pay you one cent each for all the English sparrows killed on the farm." After breakfast my brother and I talked it over, and decided we would try trapping for them.

On Saturday it rained, and we sawed and put together five box traps. We had fairly good success for a day or two, when the birds seemed to learn the danger of a trap, and would not come near them. We then decided to see our merchant, ask him to sell us a gun, and wait till we could kill birds enough to pay for it. We told him that afternoon of father's offer, but, as we were only ten and twelve years of age, he asked us to wait until he could see our father, saying he had a "second-hand" 12-gauge gun he would sell us for \$3.

After having to make about a hundred promises about how good and how careful we would be, father gave his consent, and that evening we went over and got our gun. Our merchant also trusted us for two boxes of shells loaded with No. 10 bird shot.

We then scattered wheat in about a dozen different places around the farm, and waited till the following Saturday to try our luck at the shooting. With the fifty shells we killed 194 birds. This paid for our shells, bought us two more boxes, and left a balance of four cents to apply on our gun. The next four weeks we killed 487 birds, which netted us a profit of \$1.94. By this time the crows had commenced to pull up the young corn, and father offered us twenty cents for each crow killed. For two days we tried all the tricks we knew, but were unable to get within range of a crow.

About ten o'clock of the third day we were hiding in a

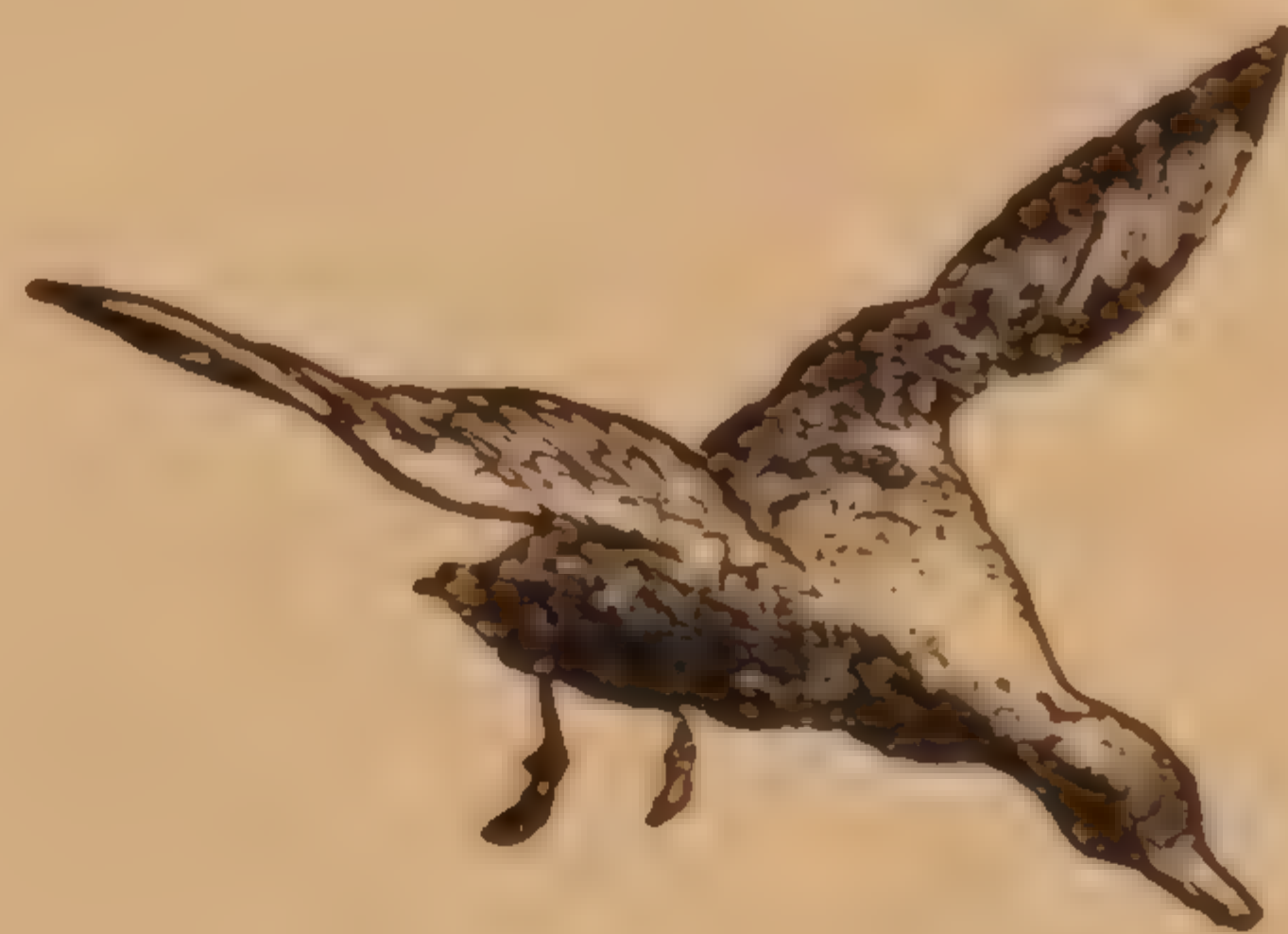
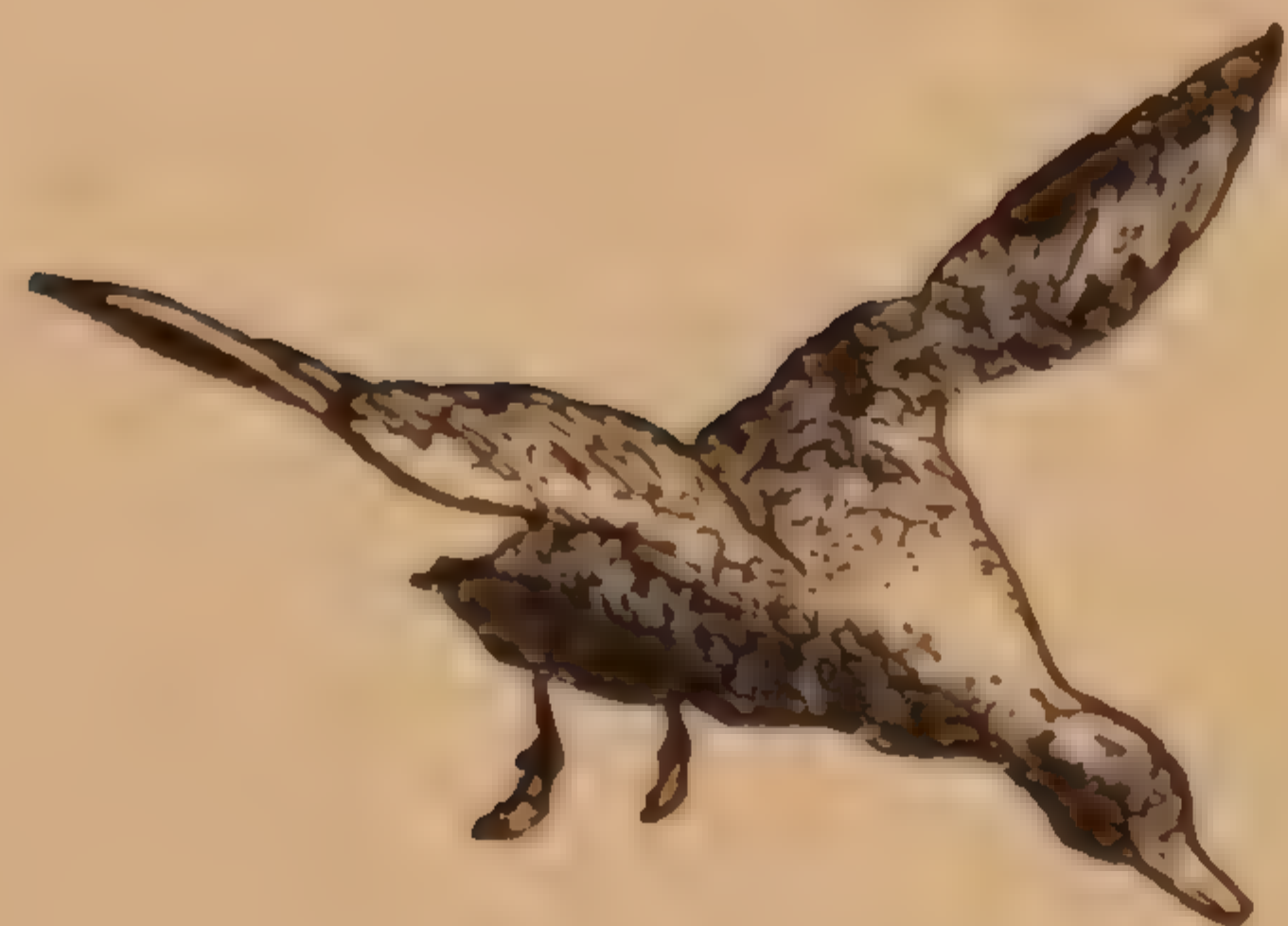
fodder stack, waiting for crows which would not come. We became thirsty, and brother said he would go to the house, which was only a short distance away, for a bottle of water. He had no sooner left than seven crows that had been feeding on the far side of the field lit down within twenty paces of where I lay. I killed two of them the first shoot. We were wondering how they happened to come just as he was leaving, when a neighbor rode by who told us a crow could not count above one.

Said he, "Fix your four blinds one on each side of this field, go to them together, then one of you go away, and the one who remains will always kill a crow if he is a good shot." We did as he told us, and during the season for young corn we killed eighty-four crows for father and seventeen for our neighbor.

After paying all of our expenses, we had a balance of \$8.75.

With this we bought three lambs. We now have a flock of eighteen sheep and \$58 in bank. Our sheep are worth \$8 per head, and, while father has charged us no actual cash for keeping them, we consider \$202 a pretty nice interest on our \$3 investment for a second-hand shot-gun.

We have had many a hunt since which combined both pleasure and profit, but, as my letter is entirely too long, I will close by saying, Buy any sensible boy a gun, and it will help make a man of him.



BOY, FATHER, DUCKS AND AN H. & R.

By OLLIS KEITHLY.

422 W. Main St., Cherryvale, Kan.

To-morrow was my birthday. I would be fourteen to-morrow. I was fretful because of a promise my father had made years ago. "My son, when you are fourteen, you may have a gun, not before. Understand?" It was with these words ringing in my ears, as they had often done before, that I sank into a restless sleep.

I awoke, the bright sun was creeping into my room, my eyes fell upon a greasy gun-case laying upon my bed. With nervous excitement I tore into it, and with trembling hands I put the object of my desire together. Tears stood in my eyes as I gazed upon a beautiful Harrington & Richardson hammerless shot-gun. Yes, it was a 12-gauge, just what I wanted.

In less time than it takes to tell, the whole town knew of my good fortune, and of course, before any peace could be had, I must try my new gun. So, acting upon my advice, the old brown mare was hitched up by my father, and, after the necessary preliminaries, such as warnings from my mother, etc., we were on our way to the duck ponds which were located six miles north of town.

The ride was an enjoyable one, made more so by the sound advice received from my father.

The ponds reached, and just as we were tying our horse, a good farmer passing by called our attention to the fact that there were a large bunch of mallards sitting on the second pond. I was very near a nervous wreck as we began to creep for the pond. My father had left his gun at home, so the reader can see that my future reputation as a hunter was at stake. We never knew what scared those ducks up. My father claimed it was my heavy breathing. Anyway, just as we neared the pond, they arose with a mighty flapping

of wings. The hunting instinct of my ancestors was aroused within me, and, like a warrior of old, I regained my self-poise at the critical moment, and, closing my eyes and gritting my teeth, I pulled both triggers simultaneously. I opened my eyes in time to see six husky fellows fall to the water.

When I recovered from my hysterical condition, my father had the ducks laying at my feet.

It is unnecessary to say we made a bee-line for home, and I was a hero of the hour. Although this only happened three years ago, I often think, as I gaze at the floating feathers when my little gun speaks, what I did first with a gun.



A BEAR HUNT IN THE BLACK HILLS.

By RUSSELL MINEHART.

501 North Edmund St., Mitchell, So. Dak.

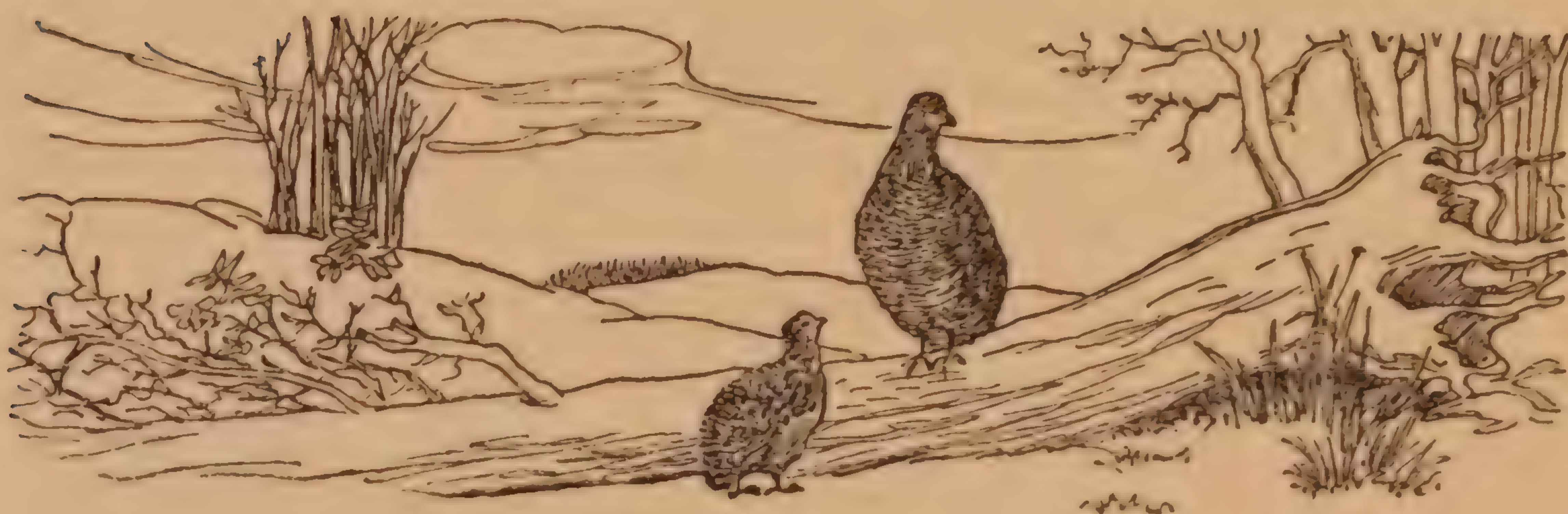
My father and I were camping in the Black Hills of South Dakota. One day, after we had been there about a week, I was wondering what I could do for the day. I had got tired of fishing and we had plenty of game.

I decided I would go a-berrying. I got my repeating rifle, and started out soon after breakfast. I had gone a mile or two from our camp when I came upon a large patch of ripe berries.

I leaned my rifle up against a tree and began picking. I had been picking quite a while when there was a cracking and snapping of the bushes, and, as I looked around, I saw a large bear poke his huge body through. He evidently was as much surprised as I was, for he stood still for a moment; but it was only for a moment. He raised himself up on his haunches, and gave a growl and lunged forward. As for me, when the bear first appeared, I had noticed that the bear stood between me and the gun. When he started after me, I began climbing a tree that I was near. I just managed to get up to the first limb and pull myself up out of old Bruin's road. I began climbing nearer the top. The bear soon found he could not do anything by growling at the foot of the tree, and began climbing up the tree.

This was a thing I had not counted on, and, when I saw him coming, I did not know what to do. He kept coming nearer and nearer, till I could feel his breath on my face. I then began climbing out farther on the limb; and, when I had gone about as far as I could, I noticed that I could reach a limb on another tree. I reached, and caught hold of this, and swung myself over, and began descending to the ground. When I got to my gun, the bear had just reached the ground. I pulled the trigger just as the bear started

forward. He fell forward, and I put two or three bullets in his head, to make sure he was dead. I did not know how to skin him, so I went back to the camp and got my father to come and skin him for me. I had a rug made of it, and put it in my room.



GOOD WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY H. & R. GUNS.

By B. G. MERRILL.

Hinsdale, Ill.

In *Outers' Book* for August you invite fathers to write a short story of what they have done with Harrington & Richardson's guns. The quality of these guns is attested to by the universal use of them by the general public and the long-standing reputation of the manufacturers. Personally, I cannot say too much in recommending them to parents as a thoroughly safe and reliable gun to put into the hands of their children. There are no better, no matter how high-priced.

One year ago I purchased a 28-gauge Harrington & Richardson shot-gun, model 1905, for my twelve-year-old boy. The balance and weight of this gun permit even my ten-year-old boy to handle it with as much ease as an adult can a 12-gauge gun. The possession of this little gun has created the true sporting instinct, not only in my sons, but also in my thirteen-year-old daughter, who takes as much delight in a jaunt afield as any of us. Any one of them can bring down a crow at forty yards. The shooting qualities of Harrington & Richardson guns are too well and favorably known to need comment, yet I never thought it possible for a 28-gauge shot-gun to shoot as this one does.

It has always seemed strange to me that the first gun a parent purchases for his boy, in nearly every instance, is a rifle. This, to my mind, is a very dangerous practice, for the average boy does not realize the distance which a 22-calibre bullet will travel and do injury to animals and persons out of his range of sight. 999 out of every 1,000 boys are not possessed of the judgment necessary for the handling of a rifle. A shot-gun is practically harmless

to animals or persons well within their sight, yet beyond shot-gun range.

To fathers who enjoy shooting, and who have never taken the boys with them, I suggest that you purchase one of these light-weight, small-gauge guns, and, after a few lessons in loading and handling, take them with you afield. You will experience a feeling of satisfaction which will be hard to explain, and it will not be long before you will be forced to look after your own laurels.

There is a still deeper feeling which you will find awakening within you, something which seems to bring you closer together. In fact, you soon realize that they are no longer just your sons. They are your *chums*. Do you think that the boys do not also experience a change in their feelings toward you? Try it, and you will soon find that you have acquired an influence over them which would be very difficult to secure in any other manner.

This is a true story of what a Harrington & Richardson gun has done for my children and myself: they are now my "chums."



SHOOTING PRAIRIE CHICKENS WITH A MUZZLE-LOADER.

By C. McCALL.

Nocona, Tex.

In those good old days when the writer was a lad with no cares other than school-days and stove-wood, he was growing to manhood in Western Texas, and was the proud possessor of a single-barrel, breech-loading shot-gun. I say breech-loading, for in those days the old muzzle-loaders were still common, and especially so with the boy owners of guns; for, as the men purchased new breech-loaders, the old discarded muzzle-loaders would fall into the hands of some young son or favorite nephew, and my gun was therefore the envy and admiration of my playmates.

On the day before Thanksgiving in 1889 a friend informed me that he was going to the country the next day after that, and that I might go on the wagon with him. I gladly accepted the opportunity, for prairie chickens were plentiful in those days. However, the grass on the prairies was tall, giving splendid hiding-places for the chickens, and, as I was small and had never killed anything flying, I usually met with poor success hunting, as the chickens would almost invariably be flying when I first saw them.

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear, a cool, crisp, frosty morning, and the drive across the prairie, breathing the pure, frosty air, would have been exhilarating to most any one; but to me, a healthy boy who had been in school for several months, it was paradise. I was a bird out of a cage, and my joy and hopes knew no bounds.

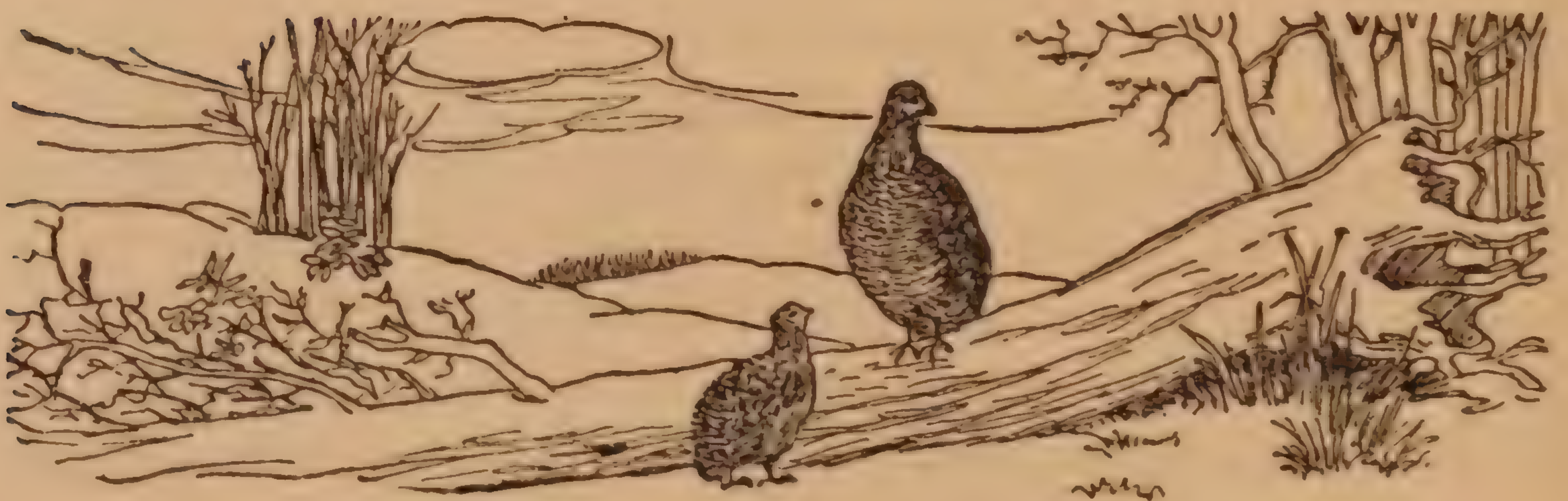
At the hay-stacks, while the neighbor was loading the wagon, I struck into the unmown prairie with gun in hand, walking slowly, peeping and scanning the tall grass for a glimpse of a chicken on the ground, when all at once, with a terrible whirr, up flew one in front of me, and, before I

had time to think of missing, the little gun had gone to my shoulder. I pulled the trigger, and the explosion was booming across the prairie and my chicken was falling to the ground dead. I immediately reloaded my gun, and at the first forward step another flew up, which I killed. I didn't stop to reload then, but went in a run after my two chickens. Then a big covey flew up and sailed away unharmed, but I didn't care.

I picked up the two, returned to the wagon, and reached home in time for the big Thanksgiving turkey.

Twenty years later I drove over the same old prairie, and my companion my seven-year-old son, who was soon to become the owner of the little gun, still a good one.

Prairie chicken are almost extinct now, but on an artificial lake—we call them tanks in Texas—we found some ducks, killed four, and reached home in time for the turkey, as happy as twenty years before, for I had made good in the eyes of the son, who was jubilant.



KILLING A CALIFORNIAN LION.

By JOHN L. WINTERS.

1126 Kay St., Sacramento, Cal.

Castle Lake lay about fifteen miles north-east of our camp. None of my companions, however, cared about the trip, as it seemed rather difficult and there was danger of losing the trail.

Early one morning, with no other companion than my rifle, a Winchester 44, I started on this memorable trip.

Sunrise found me about eight miles in the hills, far from any human habitation. Among the solemn and somewhat weird surroundings a feeling of lonesomeness and awe began to assert itself, and, were it not for the rifle I carried, I certainly would have turned back.

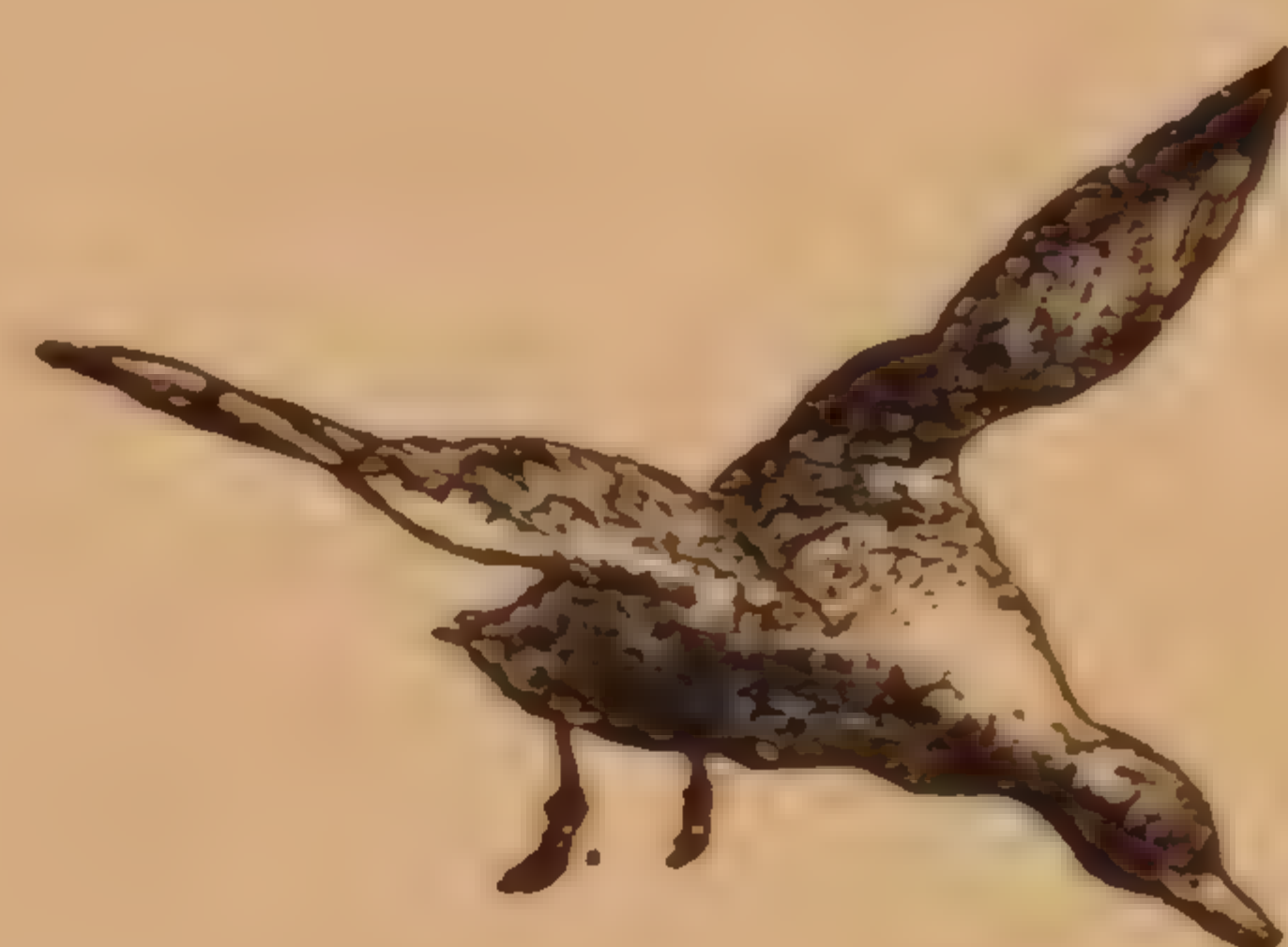
About this time the trail was becoming rather indistinct, and ere long I lost it altogether. From the lay of the country I guessed that by crossing to the top of a neighboring hill I should find the trail again, and without delay struck out into the brush.

My feelings were none too pleasant just now; for I came across a number of fresh bear tracks, and expected trouble when I didn't want it.

Having arrived at the top of the hill, to my great relief there was a well-beaten trail and I continued my upward climb.

Tired and sweating, I seated myself on a fallen tree and was admiring the beautiful mountain scenery, when suddenly my attention was attracted by the screeching of a number of large birds some hundred yards or so behind me. I had barely turned when, from behind a thicket, there sprang into view a monstrous mountain lion. The California lion is much like a panther. This one seemed to me to be as large as a full-grown tiger. Here again it stopped, raised its massive head, and took a steady look for at least half a minute.

Fearful of consequences, my rifle was still levelled at him, but I did not fire. With a quick and sullen motion the beast now made a detour to my left, but, before he had gotten under cover, there was a crack from the rifle, followed by a series of howls and leaps that will not be readily forgotten. I had only wounded him on the neck, and he came at me with terrific ferocity. Lucky was I to have a reliable gun. My confidence seemed to increase with the rage of the animal, and after a third shot, which struck him squarely in the head, he rolled in a heap. It was not until a quarter of an hour later that I ventured near enough to examine my prize, and, when I had leisurely surveyed it, I fairly hugged my gun, and said to myself, "Gee! you're lucky."



THE STORY OF A 20-GAUGE.

By G. A. SWAN.

Denver, Col.

My first experience with a shot-gun was at the tender age of seven. Even before that I had been remotely acquainted with firearms. I say "remotely," because I usually got as far from the gun as my small legs would carry me. We were living in Denver, and frequently, in summer time, my father would feel disposed to shoot glass balls. In spring and fall, when ducks were flying, I was left at home. But on these glass-ball occasions I was packed into the carriage along with the double-barrelled, 10-gauge Scott, a sack of the balls, and a bag of shells. Our destination would be Grasshopper Hill, then outside of the city limits, but now covered with the fine residences of Denver's wealthiest citizens. At that time it was a rolling expanse of cactus and sage brush, and altogether a suitable spot for shooting glass balls.

Tom, the driver, would throw up the balls, and my father would cut loose with the 10-bore. Meanwhile I would be several hundred yards away and still going. This was before the day of smokeless powder, and the racket made by four and a half ounces of black powder was very disconcerting to me.

On my seventh birthday I was considered eligible to have a gun of my own. Most of the boys in the neighborhood had little 22-Flobert rifles, but I was to have a sure enough shot-gun. It was a little 20-gauge, made for me by Lang & Son, of London, and it weighed just four pounds. It looked so little and so innocent that, while I knew very well there was danger at the muzzle, I had no idea there could be such mischief in the breech. So, chaperoned by some of the grown-ups of the family, I went down to Cherry Creek to try it out.

Not far from where the club-house of the Denver Country Club now stands, I drew my first blood. It was a warm May day, and blackbirds were plentiful among the tall cottonwoods that fringe the creek. Spying one on a limb, I carefully drew myself up into what seemed to me a proper attitude,—head up and heels together, as if reciting a piece at school. Carefully laying my nose along the stock, I sighted my game and pulled. The blackbird fell. That I know, for I picked him up afterwards; but which of us fell first, the blackbird or myself, is an open question. In still another respect, honors were easy; for, while the blackbird showed signs of blood, so did my nose. However, the bird was dead, while I was still alive, though for a moment I hardly realized it.

I have that gun yet. It has seen lots of service since that May day among the cottonwoods, and it has bagged game in widely scattered sections of the country. Once, down in the Mississippi swamps, it kept a party of surveyors in fresh game for several weeks, and on another occasion, on a Wyoming ranch, it brought down thirty-four sage chickens in a morning's shooting. It has tumbled quail in Iowa and snipe on the Gulf Coast, and it has missed goodly numbers of the same, but it wasn't the gun's fault.

On his seventh birthday I gave it to my oldest boy. Loading some shells with a light charge of smokeless and a half ounce of shot, I set a blue rock against a board ten yards off, and told him to blaze away. Thanks to smokeless powder and a little precaution as to load, the boy was none the worse for wear, while the target was smashed to dust.

The little 20 is still in fine condition and a good gun, and I hope to see the day when it will be presented to my grandson on his seventh birthday.

DEER HUNTING WITH A SHOT-GUN.

By CARL A. STUDER.

Canadian, Tex.

One calm morning, when the clear glitter of the morning star had gone and the resounding tone of the cock had left, I started out with my shot-gun to procure some rabbits which were in abundance. I made for some undergrowth where I was sure they lay, and bagged five tender cottontails, which served as an appetizer for our breakfast.

In the afternoon my aim was for quails and deer, if they should peradventure wander near my surroundings. I started out for some quail up a hillside near a little babbling brook which was flowing out from moss-grown boulders, rippling over white pebbles, and pausing for breath in its swirling eddies and singing its endless refrain, "I go on forever." This being the place, my dog began his work; and, before thirty minutes had elapsed, my coat was holding twenty quails, I being very fortunate and successful for one place.

With heavy buck-shot I proceeded to a green, wavy grass-grown meadow in which there was a willow grove thicket. I was very sure deer inhabited this place, because I had seen them, at different intervals of time, grazing and playing at the edges of the thicket. So I started in at the head of the thicket, loaded to the teeth, and to my surprise, only after taking a few steps, what was afterwards found to be a large buck jumped up and was off at high speed. I did not shoot, as I was so amazed, but proceeded better prepared and jumped him again, and he became my victim with a load in the neck. So my day's work was successful.

The next day dawned fair, with a clear and frosty morning. It was in November when the frost begins its work, the leaves color and scatter, the grass becomes the color of a sober gray, which forms a carpet over the earth and bids greetings to the hunter as he transcends into the far unknown.

My purpose this morning was to bag some ducks, which were more than plentiful on the Canadian River, but hard to reach. So, after persistent work and much energy, I built a stronghold of grass for a barrack against the sight of the mallards, teals, and other varieties. The ducks began to flock in; and, as there was but little water in the river, my success was good, the fruits being forty-eight in number. On my homeward journey I met with a rattler, which intensely frightened me by being in the path I took, but soon became my victim with a Harrington & Richardson revolver, which I carried on hunting expeditions. He was found to be a ten rattler.

I have done some taxidermist's work, and a pleasure lies imbedded in the day a person can search for a desired bird and be fortunate enough not to mangle the skin by shot.

A party, I being included, started out one early morning, fifteen miles to a district inhabited by deer, which were of the white-tail species. We made a flying trip, and ate but one meal the day. The season was nearing a close, and the men had but one holiday. We arrived just as the sun gleamed upon the white bowlders trimming the crest of the "Blue Hills." The wild beauty of the scene that fresh dewy morning defies description. In the bottom of the gorge there stretched a line of bright green cottonwoods, each shiny leaf beginning to quake in the faint breeze just starting to blow up between the bowlders. Below this ran a stream which flowed into a picturesque valley, dotted with thickets, and this is where our victims lay. As this was our destination, we departed from our wagon, and each started for his game. I was fortunate enough to stop a deer at one hundred feet with my shot-gun, heavily loaded with buck-shot. In a few minutes, shot after shot rang out in succession; and, as I found all the other hunters had killed their part of the game, we departed for home, all feeling happy over 'our few hours' recreation. The following season I made an

extended trip to a friend of mine who was an enthusiastic hunter. My desire was to kill fur-bearing animals for mounting and skin purposes, which I successfully procured with my rifles, and was glad I availed myself of the opportunity.

When it falls to my lot to have a chance to take a hunt, I take opportune over the chance.



“I was fortunate enough to stop a deer.”

PARROT STEW.

By J. H. FORT.

Key West, Fla.

The sun was just rising over the red roofs and cocoanut-trees of the Naval Station, as the sailors cast off the stern line, and two hours later I heaved a sigh of relief when the sun-baked island city of Key West dropped below the horizon. Even if I was a fool, as the boys put it, "to go down to a little God-forsaken island fifty miles off the coast of Spanish Honduras, called Bonacco, on a banana hunt," I was mighty glad at the time to get a much-needed rest, with chances of strange scenes and game.

The crew of the little fruit schooner "Azelda" were natives of some islands in the Caribbean Sea, even Captain Maliki, and it was some time before I could converse with them, as they spoke in a queer, high-pitched, nasal tone, with a dialect something like that of an English cockney, and I promised myself to jot down some of their expressions at the first opportunity.

After eating a snack, I set to work cleaning my gun, as, in anticipation of some big game, I carried a rifle, revolver, and my old reliable Harrington & Richardson double-barrel. The next day and a half gave me plenty of chance to balance my sleep account, luckily, as on the third day out we were struck by a terrible storm while off Cape San Antonio, Cuba, which drove us many miles out of our course, and played havoc with us for four days; but on the seventh day the long-looked-for Bonacco hove in sight, and in a few hours I was landed, much the worse for wear, at the little sand-bar on which the village is built, and presented my credentials to Sandy Kirkonnell, a big, bronzed native of English descent, who is American consular agent.

Early next morning two of his boys paddled me over to the island in a mahogany dug-out, where we took a delight-

ful swim, rinsing off in a small waterfall of icy water that dropped into the sea from about twenty feet up the mountain side. We then set off up the mountain, and after about two hours' hard climbing reached the pine forest at the top. Here I heard some loud screeching, but, without waiting to inform me of its meaning, one of the boys told me to shoot into the top of a tree close by, and, although for the life of me I could not see a living thing among the green needles, I did so, when down came three big, fat, green parrots. The boys were rather awed at the shot, but I did not think it necessary to inform them it was due to my hard shooting-gun rather than my marksmanship. We shot seven more during the day, besides some other strange birds, and then descended to the village.

That evening I was rather long making my toilet for supper, so ate alone. I was mighty hungry, and, after finishing with relish what seemed to me to be a mighty fine chicken dinner, I joined Mr. and Mrs. Kirkonnell on the veranda. Mrs. Kirkonnell, a comely Englishwoman, asked me how I had enjoyed supper. Of course, I answered in the affirmative. Smiling, she said she was glad, as she guessed it was my first meal of parrot stew. Naturally, I squirmed, but I must confess it was mighty good, and, after all, they were not the talking, house-broken pollies we know, but wild, screeching, fat, tasty ones.



NINE-YEARS WANTS A GUN LIKE DADDY'S H. & R.

By CHARLES LOWER (age nine years).

Montrose, Col.

As you see, we live in a country surrounded by mountains. There are many wild animals here. Papa said one day, "Come, let us take our tent and go up in the mountains, and see what I can do with my Harrington & Richardson double-barrel gun." All ready, we started. The trip was a little rough. We all stayed in the wagon but mamma. She said walking was the safest.

The second morning papa ran to the tent. "My gun," he said. My brother took his gun, another make, and got ahead of papa. "A deer!" he shouted, and shot. The deer was too far off. Papa shot, and the deer leaped in the air and fell. It wasn't very long till mamma had some cooked. Good, gee! it was good. Brother said I could have shot him if I would have had papa's gun. Papa laughed. Mamma said, "Poor deer!" but, when we killed bob-cats, she never said, "Poor cat." I made up my mind I wanted a gun like papa.

I want a true gun, so papa cannot laugh at me.



WHAT HE DID WITH AN H. & R.

By E. C. HEALTON.

Sherman, Cal.

Last October I was invited to go hunting with a few of my boy companions. It has always been a great pleasure to me to shoot a gun, but I was never allowed to own one, so of course did not know what kind of a gun was best to use.

After a great amount of coaxing and many promises I was allowed to accept the invitation. So on the morning of the great event my joy knew no bounds.

I borrowed an old, rusty, single-barrel shot-gun, and marched away with visions of various kinds of game dancing in my head. But, alas! I was doomed to disappointment, for on joining my fellow-hunters it was voted that nothing was to be shot unless it was flying or running. This was rather a hard blow on me, but I was not the one to be contrary, for, if I was to become a great hunter, I could not expect to find everything sitting still.

I said to myself, "I will show these fellows I can shoot as well as they can." I suspected it was for their amusement, at my expense, they had passed such a resolution.

I was out for game, and I would be game myself. All went well, and luck seemed to be coming our way, for each had brought down a bird but myself. I had shot at several, and in each case the boys all said they saw the feathers flying. I took courage, although I could not find any feathers, but congratulated myself on being such a good shot. By and by I discovered my shoulder was getting very sore, and I could not press the gun against it very tight. In order to protect myself, I held the gun very loose when I would shoot.

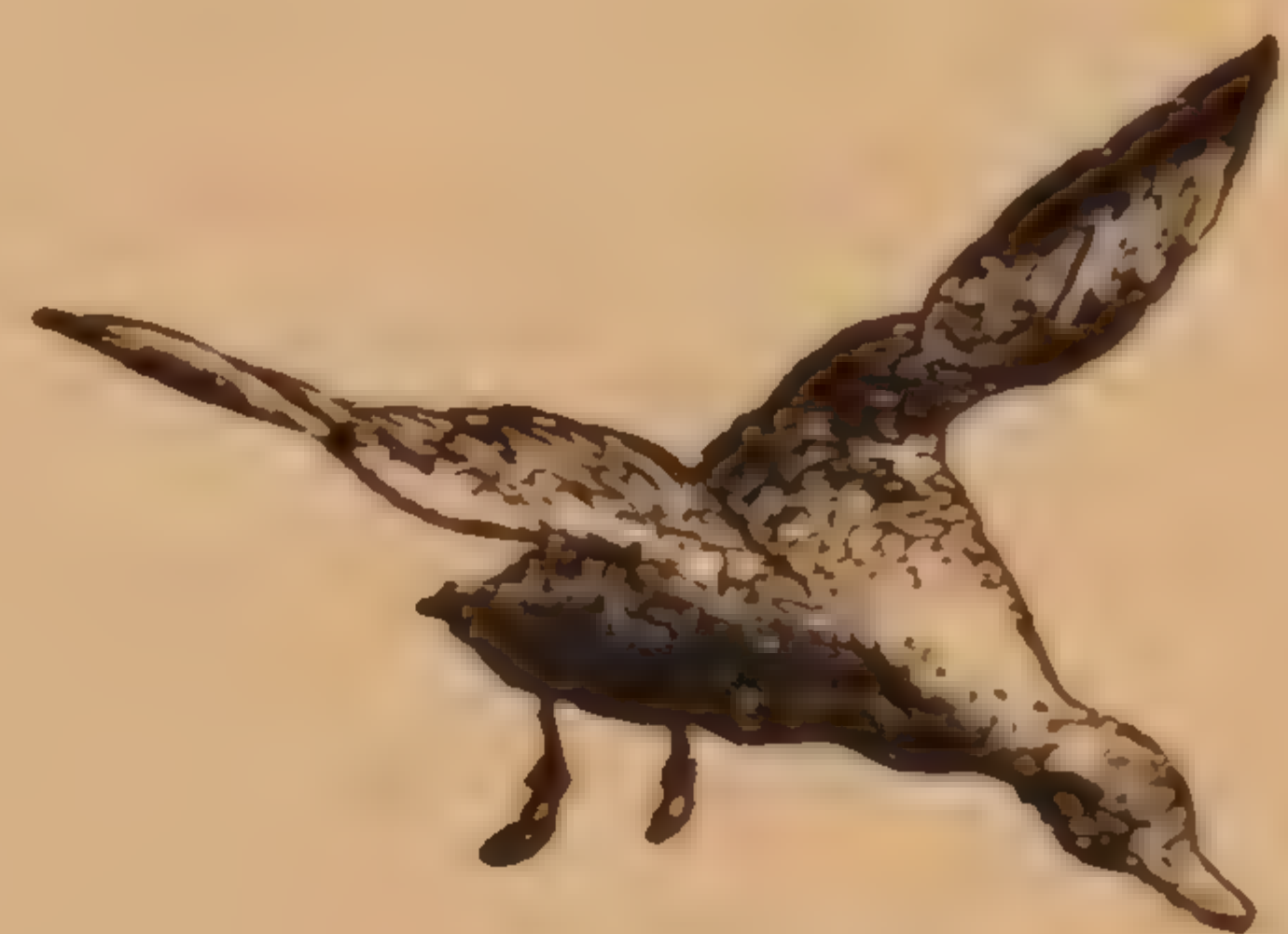
My shoulder grew rapidly worse, and I finally held the gun out at arm's-length and fired. I thought surely the

gun had exploded this time. I picked myself up, wiped the tears from my eyes, and, after my nose stopped bleeding, began to inquire what was the cause of my gun treating me in such a manner. I was told the gun was an old, rusty, no-account thing. So, after they all had a good laugh at my expense, I was persuaded to try a new Harrington & Richardson, owned by one of the boys.

To the surprise of all, myself most of any, I brought down my first bird and without hurting my shoulder. So I came marching home with a black eye, a bloody nose, a sore shoulder, and a determination to own a new gun.

As I sat down to breakfast next morning, with a quail on toast steaming before me, I felt well paid for the punishment I had endured the day before.

I am now saving my money to buy a new gun. It will be a Harrington & Richardson, too.



THE MEMORIES CALLED UP BY AN OLD H. & R.

By JOHN J. LINCOLN.

Elkhorn, W. Va.

The above heading in a recent issue of the little *Farm Journal* happens to catch my eye. I glance at the name of the manufacturers, then read the article. As I read, a flood of memories carry me swiftly back,—away back to boyhood days.

Going to my gun closet, I select a heavy, well-worn canvas, sheep-lined case. Back to my den I bring it, and, opening it, take out a 10-bore, hammerless, double gun that bears this legend:—

“HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON,
Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.,
Number 799.”

Note the number. The makers were young in those days, but their very limited output was fast making for them an enviable reputation.

What a flood of memories come crowding back as I lovingly reassemble the old gun! It was once my father's. How well I remember the time, now some thirty years ago, that my father, returning to our Maryland home from a trip to Philadelphia, brought with him this gun, then brand-new! At that time, lots of the old muzzle-loaders were still in use, and breech-loaders were none too plentiful in that section, while a hammerless gun was still regarded as a decided innovation, and—by many old hunters, too—as a very questionable one at that.

I can recall my father's remarking, as he showed me this new gun, “There, at last, is an American-made gun that I

do not think can be beaten anywhere." As I handle the old gun to-night, the abiding truth of that remark strikes me most forcibly. Being 10-gauge, the gun—as compared with modern guns—is heavy, 9 pounds, 6 ounces; but how exquisitely balanced it is, and how perfectly it fits when thrown to the shoulder! The 30-inch twist barrels are heavy at the breech and taper beautifully, being built to safely handle the heaviest charges of black powder. Glancing through the barrels,—still in very good condition,—both the careful boring and the difference between the "modified" right and the "full-choke" left are both apparent. Really, it seems to me remarkable that about the only improvements that any modern double gun can boast are the automatic ejectors, single trigger, and the change in boring made necessary by the use of the modern, quick-acting, smokeless powders. Not so much on the "old-timer," is it, after all these years? The old gun is still in first-class working shape throughout. There is not even a suggestion of wobble or weakness about any of the bearings.

Do not imagine from the above that the gun has not seen service. In many places the barrels bear the marks of salt-water pitting, and I know that this baptism was received on the "Susquehanna Flats," where the spray, at times, used to fly over the sink boxes faster than the ducks. The numerous scratches marring the finish of the beautiful Circassian walnut stock are eloquent of the struggles through the green briers and laurel thickets of the "chestnut barrens" in pursuit of the ever-elusive pheasant. The heavier bumps and bruises, visible here and there, bear mute but unmistakable testimony to the hammering received in the open spring wagons on the pleasant quest for "chickens" on the then open prairies of Iowa and the Dakotas.

Why do I keep this old gun, the one member of my little "arsenal" that no man can either beg, buy, or borrow? I

will tell you. Sentiment,—pure sentiment. In memory of my father, who handled it so well, and the close comradeship fostered by hunting trips together in the now distant but still vivid past.





“The lion hadn’t killed him, but had dropped the boy.”

The following were of sufficient merit to receive
Honorable Mention.

KILLING A LION WITH A SHOT-GUN.

By JOHN A. M. LETHBRIDGE.

Sta. Eulalia, Chihuahua, Mex.

It was in 1904 I was manager of a small gold proposition in Rhodesia, South Africa. I had with me a shot-gun, and, as very few people took the trouble to tote around one of these, a rifle being considered sufficient to keep the camp in meat or to cut the head of a guinea fowl or any other winged game we came across, I was subjected to a good deal of chaff on this subject.

But I like a shot-gun, have never been without one, and I hope never shall, and it has always been of the greatest service to me when shooting with a rifle was an impossibility; and to go to sleep with my shot-gun at the head of the bed always gave me a feeling of security, and amply repaid me on several occasions, but space will only allow me to cite one.

We had been bothered a good deal by lions. It was necessary at night to take the greatest precautions to protect our milk cows and burros from their depredations.

I had taken care to have a very strong corral built, some nine feet high, the top sloping outwards, as was the custom in that country. The poles were all tied together with raw-hide, thus making it as strong as possible. Notwithstanding this, on several occasions lions got in and killed some of our stock.

The only shot cartridges I had with me were loaded with No. 4, but, as I always argued, they were good enough for any sort of soft-skinned animal at close range. Of course,

one would not let drive a charge of No. 4 at an armor-plated beast like a rhinoceros, but I still think that a charge of No. 4 in the face would even turn him, anyway to the extent of enabling you to get out of his way.

The night I am writing about was very stormy, and raining cats and dogs,—an ideal night for a lion. So I cautioned the watchman to keep good fires going on all sides of the corral, as, although lions will break through at times in spite of everything, there is no doubt but that fires are a great protection.

I had an idea that something would happen, and lay down without undressing, with the exception of taking off my boots. About half-past one I was awakened by the most awful uproar, and in a second guessed what was the cause. Slipping on my boots, I seized my shot-gun and ran out. All was chaos, and for a few seconds it was impossible, on account of the noise, to find out what had happened. In a few words, my personal boy made me acquainted with the situation. A lion had come within the circle of the fires, which for a few minutes had become a bit low, and had taken away a boy. By that time the majority, scared to death, had secured torches, and yelling to "Sam," who had already a torch, I told him to follow close to me, and light me up as much as possible. We had only a few yards to go, attracted by the moans of the wretched boy that had been taken.

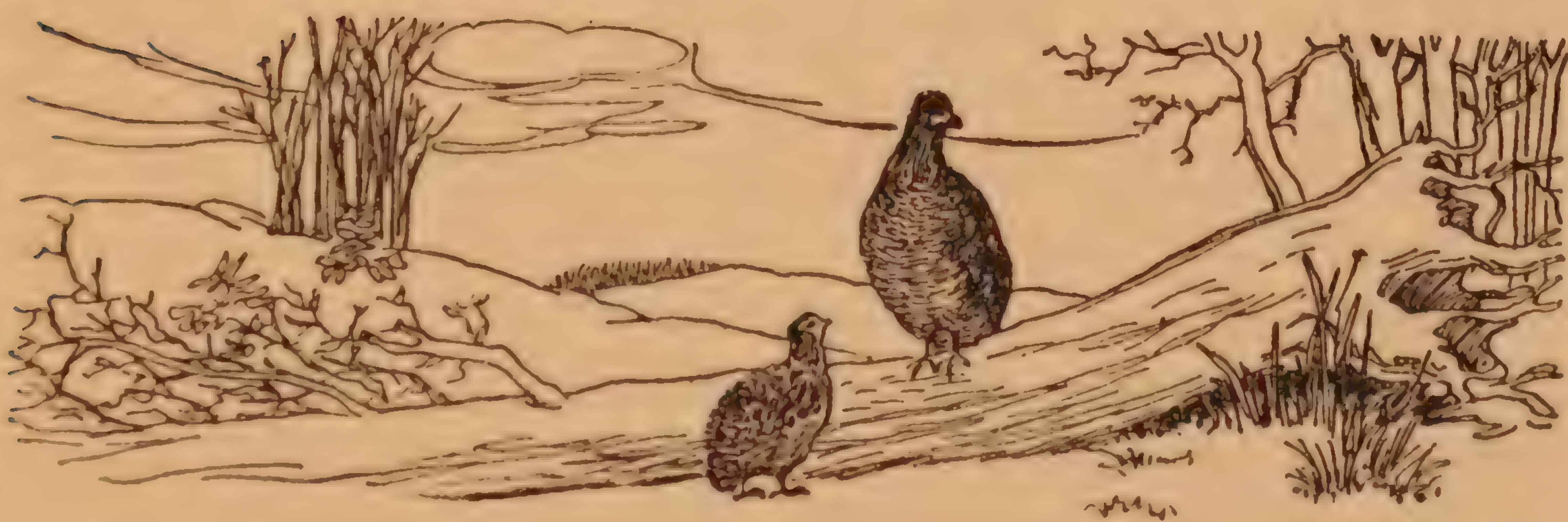
The lion hadn't killed him, but had dropped the boy and stood over him, facing us. It was a sight I hope I shall never see again, and I've seen a good few, hunting these last twenty-two years. Sam, my Matabele, never hesitated, but held up his torch so that I could see. When within ten feet of the brute, I gave him both barrels right in the face.

He fell prone on the boy and never moved, and, as they say, was stone-dead. We pulled him off the nigger, who, though then unconscious, soon came round, and in time came through.

The lion, a very old male, had scarcely a tooth in his head, and this, undoubtedly, was the reason he had taken to "man-killing," finding it easier to supply his larder in this way than to catch game. In the morning we found out by the tracks that there were three others with him when he attacked, but had evidently less courage, and had slunk off.

Now, in my humble opinion, a shot-gun is a pleasure and a necessity wherever you are. A better all-round weapon it is impossible to carry for sport or protection. Even in the dark, if you can see only a shadow, you can do execution which would be an impossibility with a rifle. On one occasion, not long ago, at night I was able to shoot a man by only catching a glimpse of his shadow, and thus saved my own bacon; but this occurrence is happily a thing of the past, and I do not care to recall the story.

But my advice is, for pleasure, sport, or protection, wherever you may be shooting, of course more especially in the wilds, "Always carry a shot-gun." You never know, and it is always the unexpected that occurs.



HIS FIRST GUN.

By CYRIL LENNOX.

3414 Farragut Ave., Camden, N.J.

Ever since I was fourteen, when uncle had taken me along on one of his hunting expeditions, my heart had been yearning for a gun. Yet all my pleading with "daddy" had met with stern refusals or strenuous objection of some sort, and finally I had become resigned after a fashion and able to pass the gunsmith's shop window without any serious "heart qualms" or that bitter resentment toward father which I at first felt and which had almost frightened me.

Last summer, on the morning of the day I was sixteen, when father came into my room to awaken me, he carried a peculiar-shaped parcel; and, while I knew that I was due for some kind of a present, I really paid but slight attention to it until daddy said, "Cyril, I wish to talk with you." When father says "Cyril" in that odd way, you can bet I sit up and take notice; and this time was no exception to the rule. Without further comment, he unwrapped the parcel, and there, before my delighted eyes, laid a real gun. With a cry I leaped out of bed, and had my arms around his neck, and—well, never mind what I said. I guess you can imagine what sort of admonitions I got about unloaded guns, carelessness, and other things, but, anyhow, I had a gun.

One provision father did make was that at first I was not to shoot any living thing until I knew how to shoot and what kind of creatures to kill; and, while this did not overplease me at first, I learned later on to be thankful for the wisdom of this advice. Uncle, an ardent sportsman, took me under his protecting wing, and under his guidance soon taught me to hit a swinging object or riddle a thrown tin can. So eager had I been about the different denizens of the woods and meadows that even uncle, particular though he was, and is,

about such things, seemed pleased with my knowledge, and allowed that I might try for game now.

How proud was I when I brought in my first bag of snipe,—all killed on the wing, too! To be sure, they were only “tilties,” but a small fortune could not have bought them.

During the month of September uncle and I killed quite a few reed and rail birds, but it was for a brisk, beautiful October day to bring the climax to my youthful hunter’s pride. Woodcock were in season, and I was more than anxious to bag one of the beautiful, shy birds; but so far their abrupt rises and erratic flight had fooled me utterly.

There is an island in the Delaware River near our home, and I heard uncle tell daddy that “they were on full tilt,” at the same time holding up for inspection three fine big fellows. So that settled it. The next morning I took the skiff and went. When I got down among the willows and alders, I loaded my gun, a single Harrington & Richardson Arms Company, and cautiously walked on. Barely had I gone ten yards, when from almost under my very feet up whistled a grand big fellow. I don’t know how it happened, but I swung my gun quickly after the rocketing bird, and pulled trigger. With a wild cry of delight I darted forward as I saw him tumble among the dense growth, and, say, I am ashamed to tell you what I said and did when I got him.

Several hours later a happy boy in the proud possession of a brace of woodcock, I made for my boat, hidden among the lily pads. But, land! what was that just outside of it, a-feeding and preening? Two big black ducks. Uncle had told me to always carry one or two heavy shells; and, when an instant later one was pushed home into the single-barrel, I stepped from behind the bush that hid me. With a frightened “quack” both darted forward, their heavy bodies almost together, only to hit the water with a “whack” an instant later.

Great riches could not have filled my cup of happiness more completely when I held up my bag to the folks at home, and when uncle a day later measured the distance of that last shot, he whistled, and said, "Whew, kid, that's a darn good shooting gun of yours"; and, you bet, I am proud of what I did with my little "SINGLE-BARREL."



A SQUIRREL HUNT.

By RUSSELL LIPSCOMB.

Hannahsville, W. Va.

As the hunting season approached last fall, all the hunters in the neighborhood were preparing to do expert hunting, and each was anxious to be the most expert hunter in the neighborhood. So we organized a hunting club, consisting of five men and three boys (I was one of the boys), to go into Panther Creek, W. Va., to hunt squirrels and other small game. The trees grow so tall in this creek that one can scarcely see a squirrel in the top, so it took a very good gun to hunt with and kill game among the trees of Panther Creek.

We arrived at the camp grounds late in the afternoon, so we just had time enough to put our tents up and arrange for supper when night came upon us. After supper we unpacked our guns, and put them in condition for the hunt the next morning. Then we sat around the camp-fire and told hunting tales, and talked about the game we might kill the next day. When the morning dawned, all were up; and, after taking lunch, we started out to try our luck. We went out in different directions, in order that we might not bother each other in shooting.

I had not been out twenty minutes when I ran into a colony of squirrels. After shooting eighteen squirrels at long range, and not missing getting a squirrel every time I shot, I decided to return to the camp. I supposed every one would have more game than I had, as they all had higher-priced guns that had not been used before; but, when all were in camp, none had as many squirrels as I, but they had shot more times than I had and at shorter range, but their guns were inefficient.

The next day we all went out together; and, when about a mile from camp, we ran into a place where the squirrels

were as thick as grasshoppers. Then the fun began. Every one wanted to shoot the most squirrels. Some of their guns wouldn't fire, and some wouldn't kill after they did fire.

I had one of those Harrington & Richardson shot-guns which worked so automatically and easily that I could load it quicker than a squirrel could turn around, and it carried up so well, and shot true to aim, that I beat the other boys again. Then every one in the club wanted to borrow my gun, for they saw how it would kill squirrels.

When we were eating supper that evening, one fellow says, "Why is it you kill more squirrels than any one else in the gang?" I answered, jokingly, "It is the man behind the gun that does the work." But old "Sammy," our negro cook, who had been out on enough hunting expeditions to know the merits of a good gun, looked up from skinning some squirrels, and said, "Dat ar Harrington & Richardson shot-gun of Lipscomb's is de one dat killed dese squils." And he was right, for the gun before the man is the one that counts, if it is a Harrington & Richardson. All of our club have decided to use Harrington & Richardson shot-guns this year.



THE MAN HUNT.

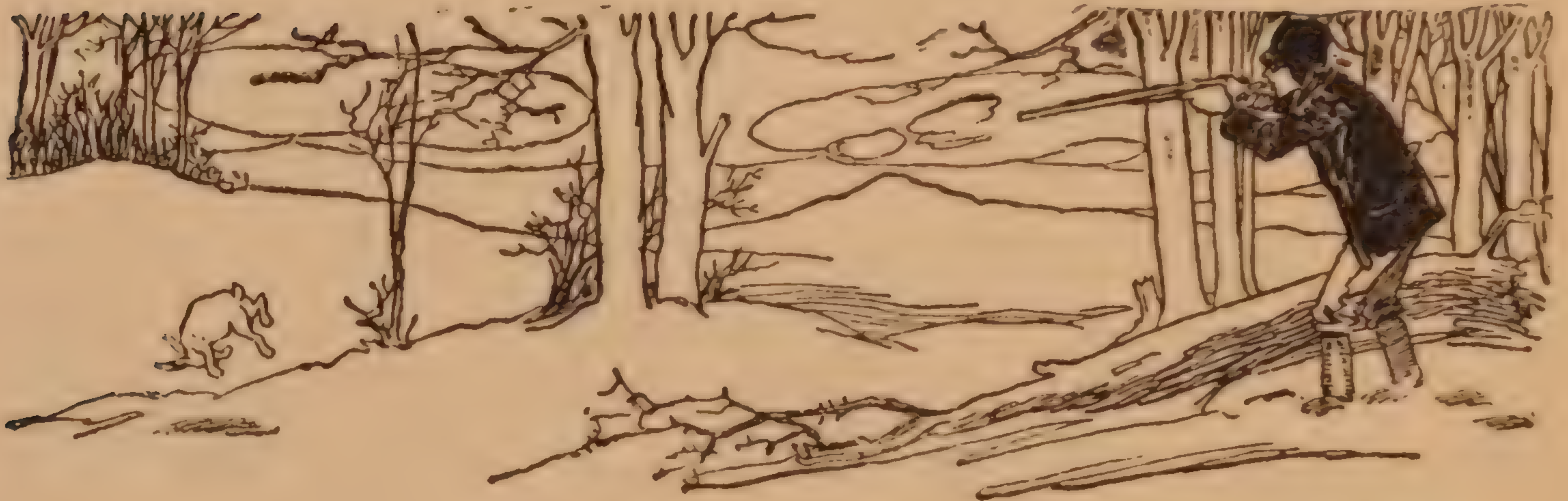
By RAY ANSON.

Nordrach Ranch, Colorado Springs, Col.

One night about three years ago—I was fourteen then—one of the stores in town was robbed. Next morning, when this was found out, the people began to make up a posse to hunt for the robber. Before this had happened, a man had been sleeping in a barn on a farm about three miles from town. We thought that we would find him somewhere near there.

We soon started down the creek that way. About half a mile from the barn a bridge crossed the creek. Several of us crossed over on the side the barn was on: the rest went on down the other side. We then started for the barn. All began to look through it, but I walked on down to a corn crib about one hundred yards from the barn. I stooped down to look under it. Just then I heard the corn rattling, like somebody climbing over it. I jumped up, and to my surprise there stood the man we were looking for. He didn't see me, but was watching the rest on the other side of the creek. I stepped behind a tree about ten feet away, and threw my gun on him. I told him to throw up his hands. He turned around, surprised-like, looked at me. "What you want me for?" he said, and started back over the corn to get out. "Throw up your hands, or I will shoot you," I said. He obeyed this time. Then I began yelling, "I got him, I got him!" Everybody came running to where I was. We then took him back to the barn. They asked him to confess, but he said he didn't know anything about it. Then they called for a rope. I began to get scared, thinking they were going to hang him. I begged them not to, but they wouldn't pay any attention to me. They got a rope and put it around his neck, then threw it over a beam and drew him up. I was going to shoot the rope in

two, but they let him down. They asked him again if he had done it. This time he told all about it. We then took him to town. When we got there, some one called up the sheriff and told him we had caught him. He came down, and took him to Lexington to jail. They had his trial, and sent him to the penitentiary for three years. After that the men teased me about getting behind that tree. This happened in Lafayette, Mo. I am now in Colorado for my health.



SHOT THE MOOSE WITH A RAMROD.

By THOMAS HUBBARD.

909 South Campbell St., Springfield, Mo.

The story I am about to tell happened about two years after the Civil War. My grandfather was the oldest of seven brothers and the only one who had a gun, and it was only a muzzle-loading squirrel rifle.

“Well,” says he, “one morning in November I started out to kill some game,” not knowing that he was to go through a very peculiar accident. He said he had been wading around in the snow for about two hours and killed several rabbits, which were plentiful then as bees. He was wishing he could see some big game, as he lived in the mountains where there was plenty of that kind. Well, he waded about for a little over ten minutes, when he heard a squirrel chattering, so he started in that direction, and had not gone over a hundred yards when he saw what he was after, a big fox squirrel up in the top of a tall oak-tree, eating a nut.

He raised his gun, took careful aim, and pulled the trigger, but the cap would not go off, so he put a new one on. Then he took aim, and fired. The squirrel dropped dead as a nail. He walked over and picked it up, and, when he took it off the ground, he found no blood on any place where he had hit the squirrel. He thought this funny, as he was sure he had hit it. Well, he looked at its head, for this was what he had aimed at, but found nothing. He gave it up, and said it must have been scared to death, but he found a little white mark on the nose, as if something had grazed it. Well, he decided it was his bullet mark, and that the squirrel had died of concussion of the brain caused by the nerves.

He slung his game at his side and started for home, which was about five miles away. He covered about two miles, when he heard a snort, which was not very peculiar to him:

it was that of a moose. He declared that he would have a steak from that fine fellow, so he crawled upon his knees to where he had heard the sound, and there in an open space of timber he saw the largest buck moose in his life. Right then and there he had a very bad fit of buck ague: his knees trembled and shook. Then in his excitement he remembered his gun wasn't loaded. This cooled him some and brought back his wits.

He poured out a dram of powder and loaded his gun, then he looked to find that he had only enough shots for one load. So he said, "This will have to go." But right then he had another fit of ague.

Well, he raised his gun and fired, and hit the moose in the side, only causing a slight wound. This made the moose mad, and he came charging toward the spot where my grandfather stood. My grandfather saw he could only escape by climbing a tree. So he scrambled up a hickory sapling which was close by; but this only made the moose madder than before, so he charged at the tree with his sharp antler horns. The tree was a small one, and the horns were sharp. This showed that he could soon cut it down and have my grandfather at his mercy.

Well, during this time my grandfather was doing some tall old thinking. He saw no way to escape. Then something flashed through his mind. He had powder, but no bullets. His thoughts were these: "You've got a hickory ramrod in your gun which is ten years old"; and he grabbed it, and began to cut off a piece of it about an inch long. This he rounded off like a bullet and rammed in his gun. Then, putting on a cap, he took aim; but, while he was doing this, the moose was not idle. What he had done was a sight. He had torn up the ground, and cut the tree more than half-way down. He was coming on a charge at the tree with his head lowered and those antlers with their sharp eyes.

When he was about ten feet of my grandfather, he took

careful aim at the shoulders of the moose and fired. The moose reared and dropped dead. The ramrod had done its work, and he was saved. Yet he always remembers that day, and has a pair of moose antlers, 4 feet and 3 inches, now as a hat rack in the hall.



KILLED HIS BEAR WITH A 12-GAUGE.

By JOHN CARTER.

Dunara, Man., Can.

The gun I used was a 12-gauge Harrington & Richardson single-barrel gun, with a range and killing power which I do not believe has ever been surpassed by any gun manufactured.

One day, when out in search of grouse and chicken, I had some remarkable experience. Near a small grove of willow bushes I saw a large eagle swoop down upon a cock grouse, catching him in his sharp talons, and again swoop upward. At this moment I fired a load of No. 2 shot at him, and down came the mighty eagle; but the chicken flew away as if it had not been hurt at all.

On another occasion, when duck shooting, I crept up quite close to a number of ducks feeding at the edge of a large pond. Taking good aim, I fired at the flock and killed four large mallards and an eighteen-pound pike which jumped up out of the water after a butterfly at the moment I fired.

On the same day I fired into a flock of ducks on the wing, and succeeded in killing seven with one shot. This was the most ducks I ever killed at a single shot, although I have seen as many as eleven killed with the same gun by a friend.

While hunting grouse with a friend, we came on to the track of a large black bear, and a short distance ahead we espied Bruin, who was quietly taking in the observation. We both had single-barrel Harrington & Richardson shot-guns, and my friend pleaded that we should return, but I told him he could be off, but that I was going to throw a load of shot at the bear before I started. I approached within thirty-five yards of Bruin, who was then standing on his hind legs watching me; and then, cocking the gun and taking a careful aim between his front legs, I fired a Winchester leader shell loaded with Dupont powder and BB

shot, and Mr. Bear toppled backward, and, although he scrambled half a dozen times, he never succeeded in rising again to his feet. This was, I consider, as good a shot as could have been performed by any gun. The bear, when skinned and dressed, weighed 512 pounds.



"I approached within thirty-five yards of Bruin."

SHOOTING A TRAIN ROBBER.

By C. D. TITLOW.

609 N. Ninth St., Allentown, Pa.

My father always promised that, as soon as I could be trusted with such a "useful and dangerous" weapon, he would present me with a gun. You will pardon my conceit, therefore, when I say I never once misused a gun by playing with it or pointing it at any person or thing, except when I wished to shoot. When I was fifteen, my father took me to choose my first gun. I had long ago decided what I would get when this coveted opportunity should arrive. Nothing less than a Harrington & Richardson hammerless would do.

About this time my father took up a homestead in the West, sold out, and with his money secreted on his person, our travelling togs, my prized gun, etc., we took train.

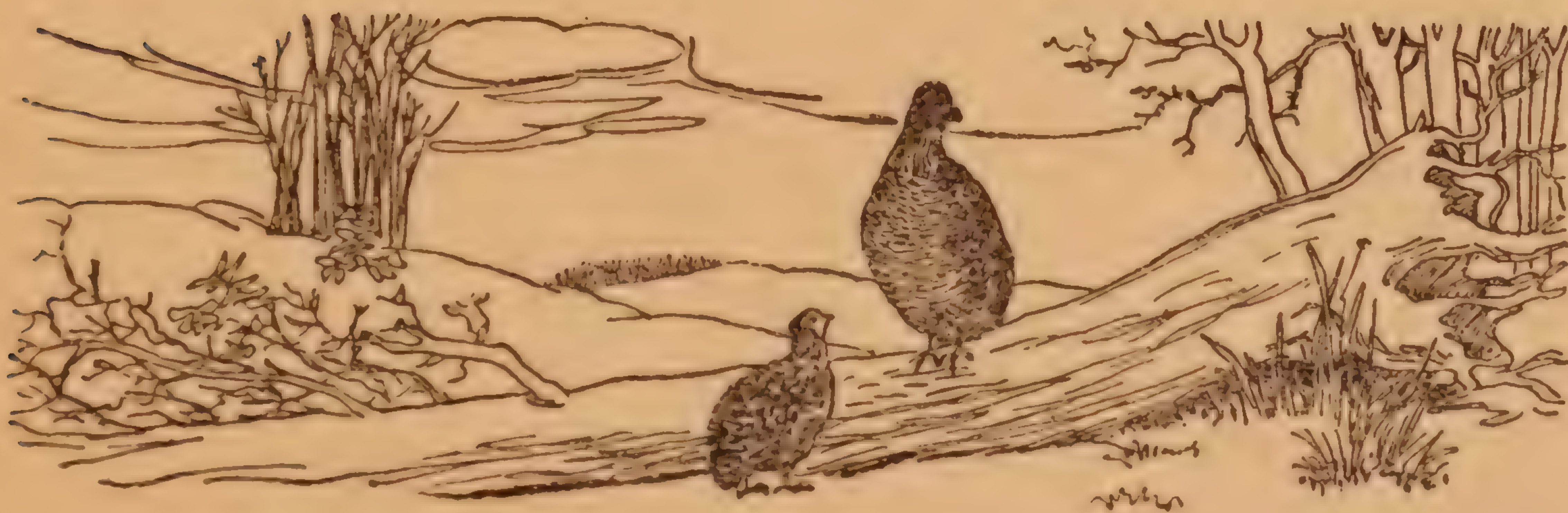
Though but fifteen, I had discarded the maxim "Think twice before you leap" for "Think right the first time," and decision always resulted in prompt action on my part. I may have made mistakes, but I wish only to tell you how I once used my gun.

After leaving Chicago by night in an upper berth, I could not sleep, and after some hours' tossing I fell to fondling my gun, which I had insisted must "sleep with me." Shortly after midnight our train suddenly stopped, and the doors at both ends of our sleeper opened simultaneously. A lone, masked man at the one end shouted, "Hands up!" while at the other came in a masked man with the conductor, whom he commanded, at the point of a pistol, to take all the money out of each berth, and "be quick about it." Instinctively, my hand gripped my gun, but I feigned sleep. The conductor passed my berth, calling to the robber, "It's only a kid," in reply to some remark about "getting it all." At this exchange of words I let my gun speak, and the robber fell

dead. This started the bullets flying all around us, but between the curtains I got a view of the other one, and blazed at him, striking his arm. With the words, "It's all up, boys," he rushed from the car. In the silence which followed we heard the throbs of the engines and a distant clatter of horses' feet. It all happened so suddenly no one realized it was a genuine hold-up, but, when we got back our senses, the conductor started the train and returned the money he had collected, and I became the lion of the trip, and was presented with a purse.

The case was reported at the next station, but the would-be robbers were never apprehended, as the dead one could tell nothing and the rest left no trace behind.

This is one of the earliest experiences of my first gun, whose good society I still enjoy. It has taught me many lessons in self-reliance, fair play, and honor, and to relate all the episodes in which my first gun had part would make a long story.



WHAT A GUN DID WITH ME.

By ALBERT B. FARNHAM.

Tuxedo, Md.

The gun of my life was one of the remodelled French muskets sold in the '80's under the name of the Zulu.

The most symmetrical and accurate gun on the Harrington & Richardson list will never yield me half the pleasure and profit that ungainly arm did, first because of changed game conditions, and, second, and most important, the boy who carried it is also gone beyond recall.

After several years' apprenticeship with an uncertain single-muzzle loader, this gun, which would now seem to be desirable only on account of its durability, seemed a marvel. However, it was to be depended on, and in five years' shooting of thousands of home-loaded brass shells I recall but two misfires. This cheap ammunition, making constant practice possible, produced a degree of skill which I can hardly credit myself.

A taste for outdoor life and natural history was stimulated by the collection of interesting birds and beasts, and I may say that my use of the gun resulted in more personal knowledge of wild life than would have been possible in a lifetime's use of field-glasses. Through its use nearly all of the Eastern game birds and fur-bearing animals have come into my hands, and also many beautiful and some rare specimens of non-game birds and quadrupeds.

The necessity of preserving some of these led me to acquire a knowledge of taxidermy, which later became a source of profit when circumstances led me to take it up as a profession.

I now own a better gun than the old Zulu the farm-boy carried with so much pleasure, but I do not feel as well acquainted with it, for every one knows the busy season in the taxidermist shop is the open-game season.

Still tastes remain the same, and what was learned in those

days has since aided in the earning of thousands of dollars at an interesting and congenial business.

There is another boy now of the same name, who has inherited the same love of the out-of-doors and a gun, and who, I hope, may experience similar pleasure in the use of a much better arm than the one which meant so much to his father.

Let us hope that for many years to come our American boys will continue their love for a gun and the clean, wholesome outdoor recreations it will bring to its possessor.



A RABBIT HUNT

By HENRY ARENDALL.

Luray, Tenn.

At noon on a cold winter's day my partner and I, accompanied by three others who were to carry game for us, started out for an evening's sport at the expense of Mr. Rabbit. My partner was armed with one of L. C. Smith's best make of double-barrel, hammerless guns, while I carried a single-barrel gun made by the Harrington & Richardson Arms Company.

With the cold fresh air filling our lungs at every respiration and the glittering snow under our feet filled with the tracks of our quarry, we felt as though we could feel the inspiring force that led Crockett and Boone on in the chase in the days of old.

The man, the boy, yes, and those of the fairer sex, too, that love the open life who have never felt the thrill that fills the breast of the huntsman have missed one of the sweetest of the sweets of life.

We went into a field where Mr. Rabbit was known to make his abode, but my first target was not a rabbit, however; for, just as we entered the field, a small covey of quail, five in number, flew up. My little single-barrel was quickly brought into use, and three of the five fell at the sound of its voice. I turned to my partner and asked him why he did not shoot, and he said, "I thought you had killed them all until it was too late for me to shoot."

We went on, and soon reached the place where we expected to find the rabbits. It was an old field which had not been tilled for many years, and was overgrown with scrubby bushes, brier, and tall grass, making it a rare thing to get a "fair shot." With our dogs we plunged into the thicket, and our fun commenced. My partner had the reputation of being a "good shot," but, despite the advantages he had of me in age (he was a grown man) and gun, I was deter-

mined to kill as many or more rabbits than he did, if I possibly could. We went across the thicket, and, upon reaching the other side, he had killed six, while I only had five. We turned into the thicket again, and, if a boy ever hunted, I did. We found the game thick and fast, and my little gun was called on for all there was in it, and it answered the call with satisfaction. Its barrel grew so hot that I could hardly hold to it, but still it never complained, and the rabbits answered to its call as though it had cost a thousand and was being handled by a perfect marksman.

When the hunt closed, we had a pile of seventy-three rabbits. We had tied. We had each killed thirty-six apiece and made a "draw" of one, but I felt as though I was winner of the contest, because I had the three birds, and he had not killed any.



SHOOTING A GRIZZLY WITH A DOUBLE H. & R.

By J. A. TALMAGE.

Marion, Ia.

I will relate an experience I had when about eighteen years old. It is a bear story, but, nevertheless, a true one. We then lived in Wyoming, and my brother and I were in the habit of going up into the mountains frequently during the winter months for game, which was always plentiful.

We were both good marksmen, and had often said we would bring home a bear, although, if the truth be known, we were not particularly anxious to encounter one, especially to be taken unawares.

I, being the happy possessor of a Harrington & Richardson double-barrel shot-gun, it furnished us much sport, and on the occasion of which I speak became the means of saving our lives.

One morning we had gone about a mile into the mountains, when my brother discovered he had forgotten something, and had to return for it.

Not caring to travel the distance again, I sat down on a stone to wait for him.

Presently, around a bend, came a huge grizzly. He stopped within ten feet of me, and stood looking at me and sniffing the ground. My first impulse was to run, but was afraid he would pursue me. My gun stood leaning against a tree out of reach. I realized, whatever I did, I must do quickly. Luckily, my lunch-basket lay in my lap, and I threw it to him, thinking to attract his attention so I could get my gun, as I feared to move so long as he was watching me. He soon tore the basket to pieces, and ate the contents, while in the mean time I sprang for my gun and put a bullet through his head. My brother arrived in time to see the last of the performance, and after I had fired a second charge Bruin fell over dead.

COON HUNTING WITH A REVOLVER.

By GEORGE A. GORHAM.

R. F. D. 152, Staunton, Ill.

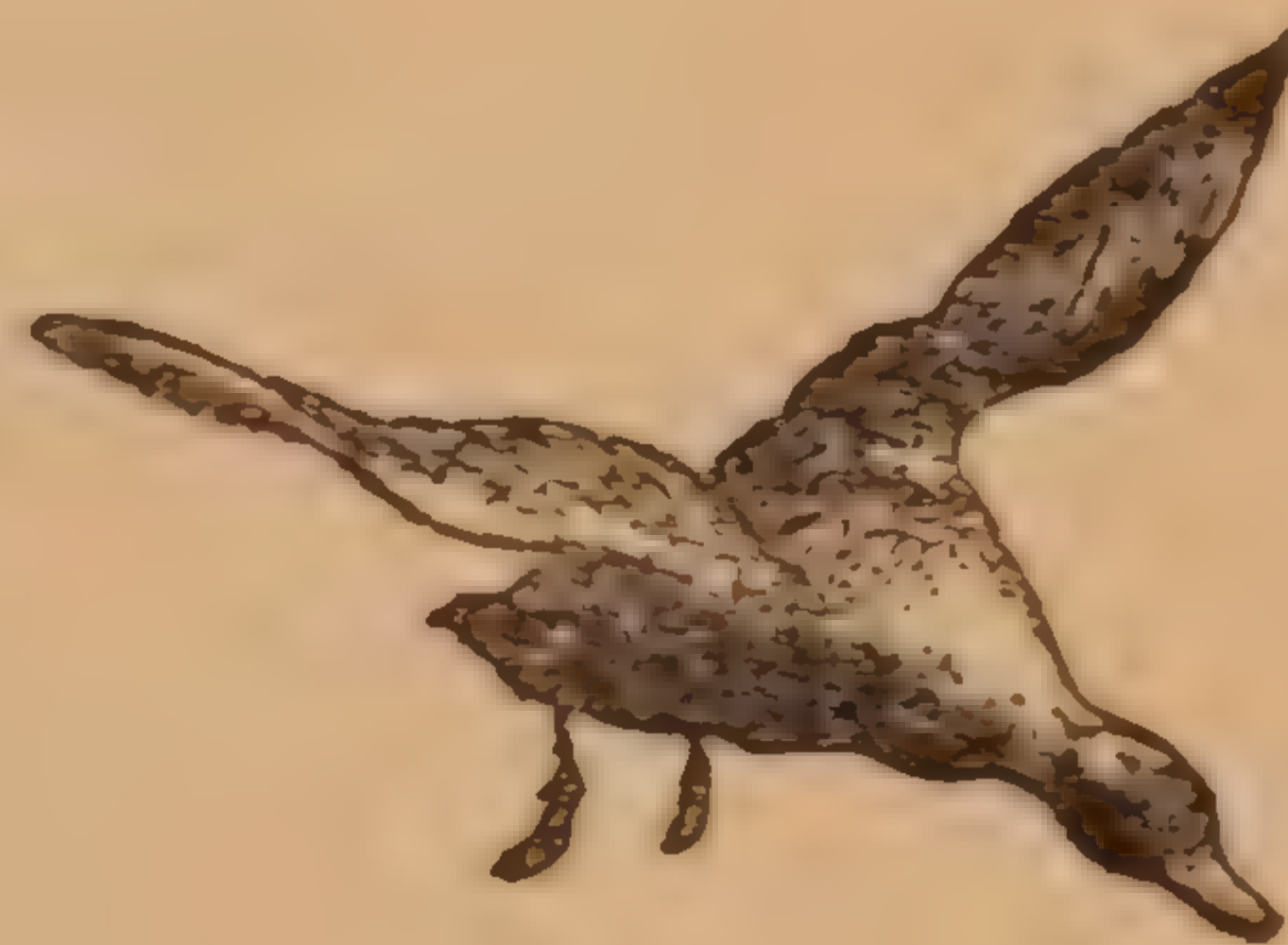
All of the men in the little village were enthusiastic hunters, and no sooner had it been announced that there was to be a coon hunt that night than they began to prepare for it. I was among the first, for this was my favorite sport, and I soon had my carbide lamp and boots and my Harrington & Richardson Bulldog revolver in readiness. Even the dogs seemed to catch the spirit from me, for they began to whine and howl.

About nine o'clock we assembled at the edge of the woods. There were seven of us, and we had fifteen dogs,—coon and fox hounds, shepherds, collies, terriers, and "just dogs." After mapping our course, we released the dogs and entered the forest. How dismal that forest seemed! The moon shone so that the towering oaks and elms threw gigantic shadows across our path. Great ledges of rock protruded from the sides of the hills, for the region was mountainous, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the cry of the hoot owls as they mocked one another.

Soon we heard a low howl, then a succession of yells. One of the dogs had struck a trail. One by one the other dogs followed until the whole forest reverberated with their mingled cries. Soon they "treed" their quarry, and it proved to be a coon. All but one of the dogs were led away and tied, and one of the party proceeded to climb the tree and shake out the coon. When he fell, the dog pounced upon him, and a battle royal followed. But the coon was no match for the dog, and was soon killed. He was then "sacked," and the hunt was resumed.

Again the dogs trailed, but this time for almost ten miles, and centred around a large cottonwood-tree that stood in a deep ravine. When all of the party had arrived, we drew

lots to see who should climb the tree. The lot fell upon me. Laboriously I climbed the huge trunk, and, when I was well up into the branches, I shone my light around me. There, upon a limb in front of me, was a huge panther! I turned pale with terror. The beast gave a low growl and started toward me, and was soon within a few feet. Summoning up all my courage, I drew my Harrington & Richardson Bulldog revolver from my pocket, and, shining the light along the barrel and upon the beast, I took deliberate aim and fired, then fell back upon the limbs behind me. I heard the panther fall, and, looking down, saw the dogs, with a multitude of yells, rush upon him. But he did not move. The gun had served its purpose, and the bullet had reached its mark.



"TRUSTY," MY LIFE PRESERVER.

By J. A. THOMPSON.

Water Street, Huntingdon County, Pa.

In the fall of 1866 I, a private of the Eighteenth Infantry at Fort Kearney, was ordered to carry important despatches to the commandant of Fort Smith on the Big Horn, just about the time of the great Sioux attack.

I knew the country was swarming with Indians, so planned to travel at night and rest in daytime, and carried nothing but my rations and "Trusty," my repeating rifle, making rapid progress the first night, so that by daybreak I had reached the heart of the Sioux-infested country. Here I proceeded cautiously until I found a place of concealment behind some huge bowlders, fallen from the overhanging cliffs in such a way as to resemble the Pittsburg Block House. I did not enter the aperture made by three bowlders, but lay down outside in a clump of sage bushes, and had begun to doze when a bullet whizzed down from the cliff, striking the boulder six inches above my body. Just then a savage peered over the cliff, and, seeing my still body, supposed his bullet had taken effect, and began to descend the cliff with intent to add my scalp to his list of trophies. Snatching my rifle, I fired, and the savage dropped near my resting-place. I now sprang into the aperture between the rocks as fifteen swarthy fellows appeared on the cliff. After peering cautiously about, one brave started to clamber down the cliff, only to be followed by three more. Their reaching the bottom meant death to me, so I rapidly picked them off with old "Trusty," as bullets began to rain on my hiding-place. So far I was safe, but my place of concealment was discovered. So my life depended on the quick, true action of my rifle. Bringing it to bear on them, I opened fire as fast as I could through the several crevices between the bowlders, for they in their fury seemed to lose all cunning,

and appeared openly above, several making vain attempts to clamber down the rocks, until with a mad howl of rage the last brave dashed over the edge of the cliff and came crashing down, a crushed and broken mass.

I remained in my hiding-place all day, then under cover of darkness crept out, stretched my aching limbs, and hurried away from the terrible scene. My despatches safely delivered, I returned with troops which were moving to Fort Kearney.

My comrades did not believe my story until I took them to my hiding-place, and they saw the sixteen dead Indians, fifteen with bullet-holes and one mangled by his fatal leap. Had it not been for "Trusty," my faithful rifle, I should not be living to tell this true story.



AN EXTRAORDINARY CHRONICLE.

By THOMAS Y. COOPER.

Hanover, Pa.

Not being a sportsman nor even an average shot, my story is bound to be a simple one, yet probably in its very commonplaceness not altogether devoid of human interest.

The way I came to possess a gun was something like this. I returned home from school with my nervous and digestive systems on the ragged edge, and went in for raising chickens. I needed plenty of fresh air and exercise. More than that, I needed a renewal of interest in life and its possibilities. Well, as it happened, crows, hawks, rats, and other marauders displayed as much concern in my chicken venture as I did; and I have to thank them for the introduction to my "pal."

Now I knew absolutely nothing about guns. Fortunately, the shop I happened into was run by one of the best marksmen and sportsmen of this State. He kept Harrington & Richardson guns in stock, and recommended to me a \$5.50 12-gauge model.

I was twenty-four then,—think of it!—and had never owned a gun nor even fired one off. That was two years ago. There isn't much danger of my ever making a crack shot. My nerves aren't steady enough. But I've got so far I can kill a crow on the wing. I merely use a little judgment and pull the trigger. The weapon aims itself, and attends to the rest.

Although my "pal" and I went into partnership primarily with the intention of protecting my chickens, our first victim was a cottontail. Every hunting season since, rabbit and quail come quite within the scope of our gunning activities.

I've shot a ground hog at thirty yards. That shows penetration. Not only are woodchucks difficult to ap-

proach, but, like squirrels, they must be killed on the instant, or they will make for the bottom of their lair with their very last quiver.

Scarcely a day passes, in fact, without some mark or other turning up. I thin out the sparrows who thrive on the chick feed. The fun lies in seeing how many one can get on a bunch. And only last week I picked off a young hawk making away with a choice spring chicken.

I generally use $2\frac{3}{4}$ drams of powder. At short distances, in shooting rats for example, $2\frac{1}{2}$ or even 2 drams secure splendid penetration. For crows' nests, however, I use $3\frac{3}{4}$ drams and buck-shot, and my little gun stands up to it like an old soldier.

The best of all is, my "pal" requires slight attention,—an oiling and cleaning up two or three times a year,—yet is ready on the moment for business, tried and true as the steel of the barrel. Moreover, since the gun has become my "pal," I feel better, think better, take more interest in life,—a gain I count among the chief of the prizes brought down with my trusty Harrington & Richardson.



PROTECTING THE HEN-HOUSE WITH A GUN.

By ALBERT F. TENNEY.

R. F. D. No. 1, Ipswich, Mass.

A gun is too often thought of as an instrument of mere sport, to be used indiscriminately in killing all kinds of birds and animals just for the fun of killing; but, aside from legitimate sport, I am writing of the gun as a thing for protection and actual necessary use.

One of my first experiences with a gun as a thing of actual necessity is but the experience of many poultry men.

A skunk had dug a hole under the chicken coop, and nightly the yells of the chickens awoke me, too late to save the chicken. I soon found out that Mr. Skunk, like a pious old darky of old, had been daily praying, "Lord, send dis darky (skunkie) a chicken," and, when the prayer remained unanswered, the form was changed to, "Lord, send dis skunkie to a chicken." Of course, the prayer was soon answered in full.

Well, I poisoned the carcass of a chicken for Mr. Skunkie, got a trapper to set traps for him, even moved the chickens up near the house, and set a lighted lantern near-by, but all to no purpose. At last I heard the familiar yell in time to grab my gun,—an old foreign gun with one barrel "off centre,"—took aim at the skunk when he came out of the chicken coop, and pulled the right trigger. The cartridge, however, failed to respond. So I tried the left barrel. The charge from this barrel went high, thanks to my overwrought nerves, and the skunk escaped.

The next night, with murder in both eyes, I sat up with gun handy. At 11.30 P.M. the old yell greeted my ears, and I rushed out and fired as best I could by lantern-light. The skunk forgot to stop, however. So I grabbed the lantern on my arm and followed him, and on a second view fired

both barrels again. That skunk has now gone "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

There remained for me a far more serious test for my gun, and my nerves as well. About three years ago I had a pet dog that took sick, staggering about in a most pitiful way. There had been much talk of hydrophobia in near-by towns at that time, and I was advised by a doctor to watch my dog closely. The dog, however, appeared to simply grow weaker, until one day when he roused up, came into the house and immediately went into a spasm, after which he grabbed at a chair, then went outdoors, and howled in a most unusual way. I was expecting a friend to come to see me, and looked for him at any moment to appear. The crisis had come. I loved my dog, but I dared not go near to chain him, nor did I dare take the risk of his running amuck.

I went to the corner where my trusty American-made double gun stood, loaded it, and took careful aim at my beloved dog,—the hardest thing I ever did in my life. The poor beast never knew what happened, but I had saved him from suffering and possibly other dogs and men from an awful fate.



HOW AND WHERE HE SHOT THE SNAKE.

By OLLIE ADAMS.

North Canton, Conn.

My brother swapped a shot-gun for a 22-calibre Marlin model '97 rifle, which was just about right in my eyes. One day, as my father and I were crossing a pasture, a large flat-headed adder (snake) slipped into a stone wall just as we were about to step where it was lying.

I told my father I would get the rifle and wait for him to come out, but he laughed at me, told me I could not kill him with that little 22 or that he would get into the wall before I could stop him with a 22 rifle. But about two hours after I happened around there with the little 22. There lay Mr. Snake sunning on the wall, with just his head sticking out of the wall. In my haste to put the rifle together after I had cleaned it, I lost the ejector spring, and, as I worked the lever to load, when I saw the snake, the cartridge slipped back into the mechanism of the rifle instead of into the barrel, and I could not work the gun at all. So I began to take it apart, afraid every moment the snake would draw back into the wall. Well, when I got the gun apart, took the cartridge out of the lock, and placed it in the barrel, then put the gun together, the snake was still there. I aimed just between his eyes, and pulled the trigger. The snake never moved an inch as I could see. I worked the lever to shoot again, but the gun jammed again. Then I saw the bullet did hit the snake right where I aimed. I got a stick and pulled the snake out. Then I saw the reason why the snake didn't move after I fired.

The bullet went through his head, came out at his throat, cut a place about three inches long right down his throat, just as though it had been cut with a knife, then the bullet went through his body four times. After that it went in and out four times, the last time about three inches from

his tail. My father had a different opinion of a 22 rifle after that.

I have shot a number of snakes since then with both rifle and shot-gun, but never killed one that didn't even wiggle after I shot, like the one in the wall with a little 22, as my father said.

This story is entirely true. I shot a red squirrel at over a hundred yards with the same rifle, the bullet going in one eye and out the other ear. I also have a Harrington & Richardson revolver that my father got over twenty years ago and still in good working order. Have only bought two ten-cent springs for it since I had it.



THE STORY OF AN EMPTY GUN.

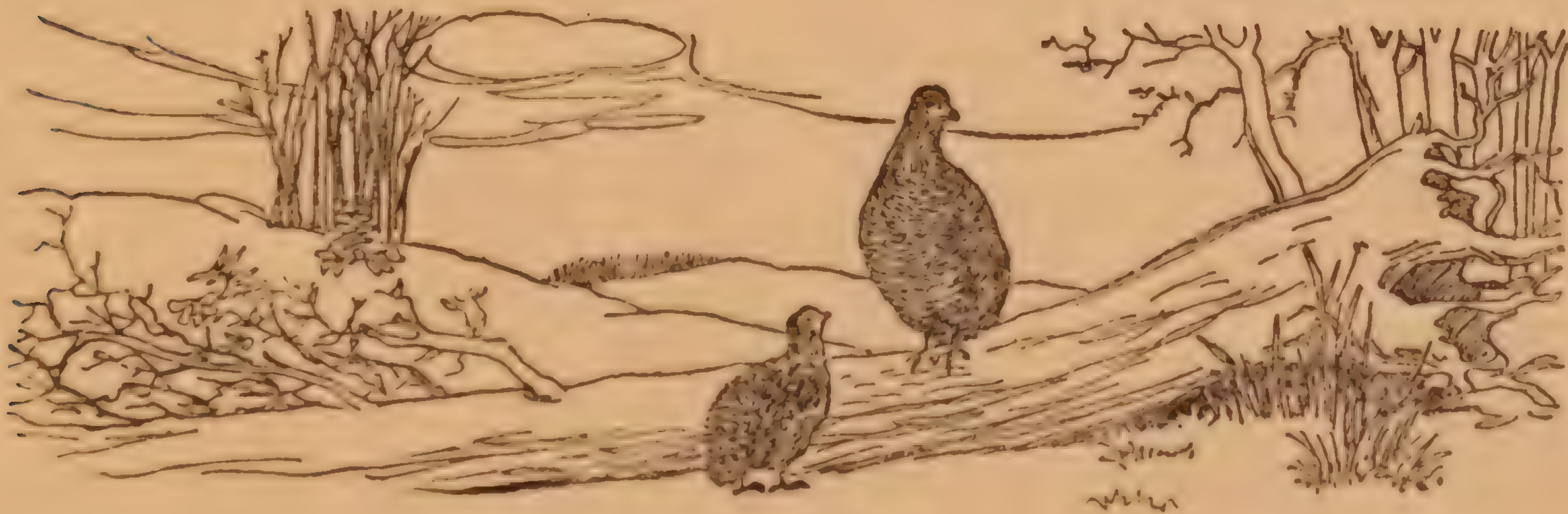
By R. L. JOHNSON.

2 Huntington Pl., Norwich, Conn.

The gun is a great thing, and sometimes an empty one does the business as well as a loaded one.

I was about ten years old when I had my first experience with a gun. It was in our new house on Forty-third Street that my little experience occurred. We had just moved a very valuable bit of furniture, including a large mirror, in our new house. My brother was waiting for me in our auto outside while I ran in the living-room to be, and looked for my knife. I happened to stand in front of the large mirror, and grandfather's painting was on the floor across the room. As I stood, probably admiring my new suit in the mirror, I noticed the eyes in grandfather's picture move. In a moment I saw the trick. A man, hoping to get a line on our silver, had hid himself behind the picture, cutting out grandfather's eyes, and looking through the slits where grandfather's eyes ought to have been.

I walked slowly across the room, and took my brother's frog gun from his chest, and ordered my visitor to vacate. The gun was empty and rusty, and I was scared to death, but my visitor was even more scared than the "kid with gun." My man took to his feet, and I thanked my lucky stars.



WHAT I HAVE DONE WITH A GUN.

By D. OMAR DUNN.

Westerly, R.I.

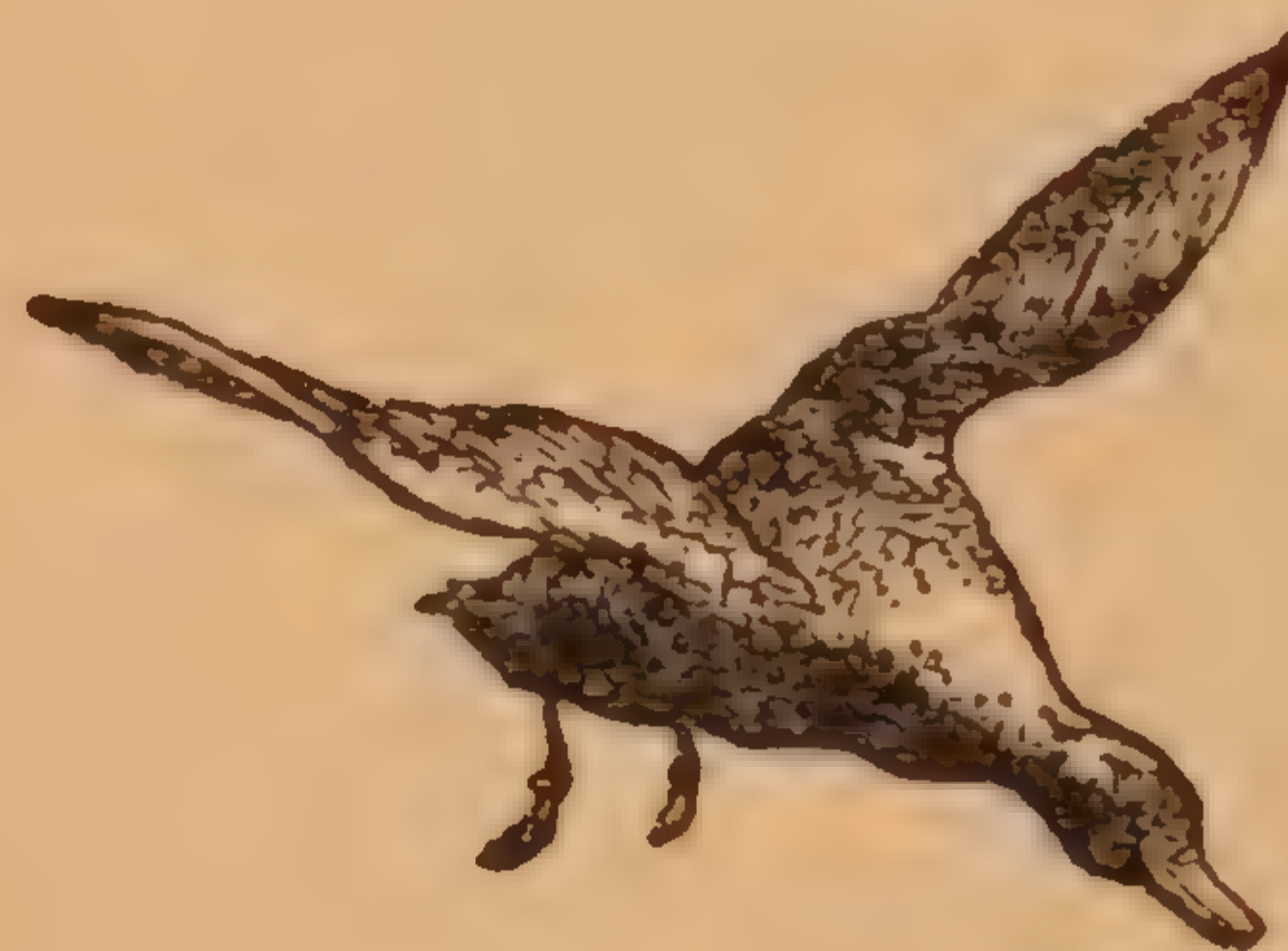
I saw my first deer one day while shooting quail back in the hills. The sight of him, as he bounded off through the brush, made me feel that I would never be content again till I had killed one.

For several years I always carried buck-shot shells in one pocket while hunting, but never got another chance till— But that's the yarn.

It was during my vacation, and I had gone North for the sole purpose of getting a deer. How often I had dreamed of squinting at a buck over the barrel of my Harrington & Richardson 12-gauge! The weather had not been as cold as I had hoped it would, and there was no snow for tracking. Every morning I had been out ranging the hills before sunrise, and had frequently spent the whole day in wandering over the country. I had almost given up hope, for not once had I seen a deer, and it was near the end of my vacation. In fact, I would have to go back in two more days. And still there was no sign of snow! On the morning I speak of I rose about 3.30 A.M., dressed with shivering haste, and, taking my gun off the rack, started out, munching a huge slab of bread. Carefully as on the first day, I picked my way through the wooded hollows and ridges, but hope was almost dead. I made a long circuit, and was coming down the side of a steep hill on the way home when I saw three brown objects on a near-by hill.

The deer saw me at the same time, and went trotting over the ridge out of sight. As they did not appear to be greatly frightened, I dropped out of sight in the bushes, and worked my way rapidly and, I flatter myself, pretty quietly toward the place where they had disappeared. On reaching the ridge, I cautiously looked over. About sixty yards away

they stood, in a little clearing on the edge of a thick growth of scrub oak,—two does and a buck that towered above them like a horse to my excited eyes. I threw the gun to my shoulder, and “drew a bead” on him back of the fore shoulder. Just as my finger curled on the trigger he gave a frightened snort, and plunged toward the brush. The 12-gauge barked, and he staggered to his knees, but was up again in an instant, and plunging desperately for the trees. Before he reached them, however, he crashed to the ground for good. It was the happiest moment of my life.



FOX HUNTING.

By R. B. PIERPONT.

North Haven, Conn.

During the winter of 1908 we owned a pair of hounds, one black and tan, the other black, white, and tan. Few hounds had more foxes to their credit than these two, and, no matter where or on what running they started their fox, they drove him all day in good shape, and not only this, but they had good voices that made things interesting.

I remember it was a Tuesday morning in midwinter that I had agreed to meet a friend, W. D. Brockett, at Half-mile Road at seven o'clock.

There were three or four inches of snow on the ground, and, as I drove along, I saw lots of fox tracks in the snow; but I kept both dogs in until I reached the place where we agreed to leave our teams, and then let them go. While I was putting the blanket on the horse, I heard them open up on a track and swing around the south side of a big knob, and, when I got on top, I found they had him going.

They led off south-east into a big cedar patch where they went around, down into Gates Swamp, and back into the cedars two or three times. I was just thinking about leaving my position on the knob for one in the cedars, when they headed for me. The music they made fairly made my hair stand up. Imagine my surprise when I saw two foxes not ten rods apart, coming towards me.

Was shooting a Winchester repeater, but had to shoot twice to kill the first, so second got so far I didn't stop him.

Very soon Mr. B. showed up with his hound, and the three dogs took second fox to Totoket Mountain, and late in the afternoon swung back to Half-mile Road, and I shot him just at dark. Next day I went on to Mt. Carmel alone with same two dogs, and killed two splendid foxes before noon.

and dogs were after a third when I slipped off a small ledge and broke my gun-stock, so caught the dogs and went home. Snowed during the night, and next morning I was anxious to go. Got dogs in, and went to Pool Swamp. I had a Harrington & Richardson double gun my brother bought second-handed. Old fox hunter, seventy-six years old, was with me. We started two foxes, and, although he shot at one, I was lucky enough to get them both. Following day we drove to Totoket Mountain, and I shot a smashing big fox at Stairbrook ahead of the black-and-white hound, and next day I killed another almost in same place with four hounds after him.

Although the old black-and-tan hound is dead, I still have the black-and-white one, and few can make a more pleasing all-day run than he can, and we're hoping to have many and many a good hunt yet.



A GUN THAT HANGS RIGHT, SIGHTS RIGHT, AND SHOOTS RIGHT.

By HENRY D. TRIEPER, JR.

758 Cauldwell Ave., New York, N.Y.

It was my first real gun, and a real gun it proved to be in after years. I had advanced step by step from the bean-shooter to the air rifle and 22-calibre Stevens, and then, more by chance than good judgment, I bought the best possible gun in the market for the money.

A single, twist-steel, 12-gauge barrel, securely locked to a polished walnut stock that was so cunningly balanced that the first time I brought it to my shoulder it seemed to snuggle into my armpit in such a natural manner that I counted out my money and went on my way rejoicing, the proud owner of a real shot-gun.

That was some eight years ago, and, while I have a high-grade, Damascus steel, double-barrel hammerless of a well-known make, a pump gun, and a rifle or two in my gun-rack at home, the old single Harrington & Richardson is still my most cherished possession, for, despite the fact that it has cost less than one-tenth what the double cost and one-fifth of the pump gun's price, it can, in my hands, outshoot either,—a fact that I have proved to my own satisfaction time and again.

To go into details would be tiresome, but, from the gray squirrel that fell to the first shot I fired from that gun to the Canada goose I surprised one morning last fall, that little single has never gone back on me.

Of course, I have missed many a shot,—who has not? But, then, I have made shots that I have wondered at long after they were made. A blue-wing teal at sixty yards, travelling with a gale behind him, is not a wonderful kill, but it gives one a feeling of satisfaction to own a gun that can and has done that.

The mere writing of the deeds of the old gun recalls a flood of recollections, of days in the snipe blind or out in a battery for ducks, and I can almost hear the sharp crack and smell the acrid odor of smokeless, and almost feel the thrill that comes over me as the bird I hold on hangs for an instant, poised in the sunlight, to fall with a splash that sends the ripples in an ever-widening circle.

A thrill that no other emotion even suggests, and there is a feeling of loyalty to the gun that has inspired that thrill so often.

A gun that hangs right, sights right, and *shoots* right deserves the right amount of care, and the Harrington & Richardson that I speak of has always had that amount, with the result that after eight years of fairly hard shooting the barrel is clean, fits as tight to the breech block as the day it was bought, and shoots harder and closer than any gun I own.

It looks good enough to last again as long as I have had it, and more than that no man can expect.



“DEAF AND DUMMY.”

By W. E. KESSLER.

Gen. Del. East, Des Moines, Ia.

Duck shooting on the muddy but classical Skunk River. My partner, Caxton, a man over seventy years of age, shot his 12-gauge Harrington & Richardson, I my Winchester trap gun. Our camp was pitched in famous Horseshoe Bend. We shot on the flight and over decoys; but, when the day's shooting was over, supper eaten, and guns cleaned, we would visit one of the camps or entertain some of the hunters at our camp, and each would report the kill for the day. The Winchester and Harrington & Richardson outfit generally had the big score, with Caxton the high individual star.

Our nearest neighbors were the Valeria team, Lacey and the “Dummy,” and many is the game of pitch we four have played of evenings. Imagine yourself sitting in a game with a “Deaf and Dummy” and a “Deafy” and trying to keep a straight face at Deafy's hit or miss remarks and Dummy's sign language when he made High, Low, Jack, and the Game.

When Caxton and I were out hunting and I would see a bunch coming, I would throw a stick or stone and hit him to attract his attention, and he would drop like a dog on point. Lacey saw us go through this stunt, one day, and tried it on the Dummy, but forgot to explain the system to him first, and, when he landed a rock on the Dummy's back, the Dummy turned on him and ran him till his ankles got hot. We all had a good laugh over the affair that night.

As I said before, Caxton was some on the shoot. He had a habit of making long kills and was modest enough to give the praise to his gun, and his pet soon became as famous as he, and every trip he was offered more for the gun than it cost him. He would come in and tell me about it, and

say, "By jinks, Billy, they sha'n't have it." I recollect well one afternoon we were shooting from a blind, and along toward evening the flight changed, and they were crossing over a point of trees. We left our blinds, and hurried over. I got the first shot, and made a double. Caxton duplicated shortly after. This we did three times without a miss. Up to now our score for the day was a tie. Just as it was getting dark, a single mallard came over me, high up, and, realizing it was my last chance to beat the best duck-shot in Iowa, I took a long lead and cut loose, but missed, and Caxton pulled him down stone-dead. I estimated the duck at fifty yards when I shot, and Caxton was about fifty yards further to one side, and, well, Caxton and his gun made high score again.



TEACHING THE BOY TO SHOOT.

By BRECK RIGHTOR.

811 Rightor St., Helena, Ark.

Away back yonder in my boyhood I was a great lover of nature,—the woods, the flowers, and all things out of doors. My greatest longing was for a shot-gun, but my dreams were never realized. I went hunting with my boy-friends, and once in a while got to shoot the old muzzle-loader, but my parents never saw fit to give me a gun. I remember promising myself, if I ever reached man's estate, to buy one for myself; and this I have done, but not until I was thirty-one and after life's early struggles for money were over.

Now my main reason for writing this is to point out to my readers the way to the new awakening to nature and the innumerable benefits and pleasures that one can find in hunting and fishing after long years of what I call "nature-blindness."

I trust I may be pardoned the frequent use of the pronoun I, for I cannot tell this tale any other way.

Naturally, I found more time on my hands for meditation and study after being suddenly thrown from the business "whirl," or rather from the "whirl" of business.

A new world opened up to me, and I am not exaggerating when I say this awakening was as much a marvel to me as if I had been suddenly transported to some other planet.

A wonderful story-book seemed to be opened to me, and I could read every page with new wonder and new pleasure. Trees I never knew the names of were shown me; flowers I had passed by every day, but had never seen, I now enjoyed.

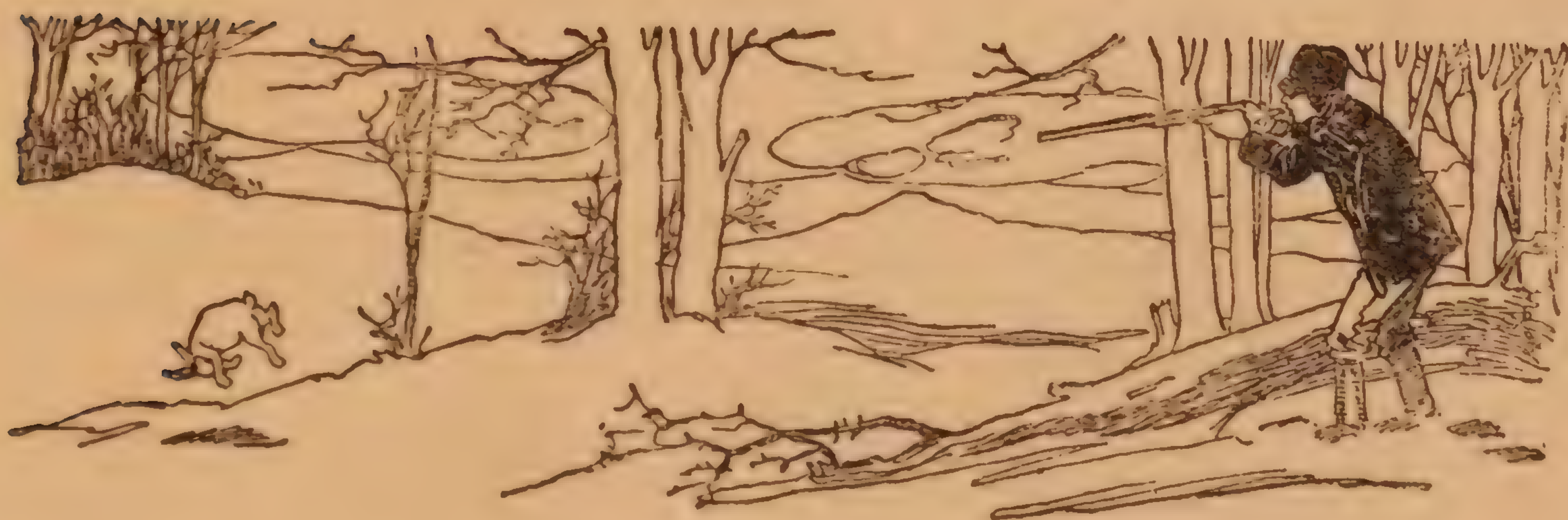
Mornings were wonderful with the dew-drops shining in the early sunshine, like diamonds. I came to appreciate the beautiful lights and the mystery of the day dawn.

The wonderful coloring and the habits of wild-fowl, the game birds and song birds; the impressive expanse of the

lake; the soft voice of the stream; the beauty in by-paths, in rocks, in shrubs, in willows and cottonwoods; the coming of spring, the change to summer, and the glorious fall; the study of insects,—all this was a new book to me. And this at thirty-one!

I killed my first duck, my first quail, my first squirrel, my first rabbit after this time; and, oh, what a delight it was to study the different species of my game!

The old world is yet young. Teach your boy to shoot, to swim, to love nature. Tell him the names of the trees and shrubs. Let me tell you this,—I believe it is a rule that never fails,—a man or boy who really loves nature and the wild things for their sake and who can find solace in solitude is never wholly bad. He cannot be. Be a sportsman! Go out into the open! You will never regret it.



TWENTY-FIVE BIRDS WITH TWENTY-FIVE SHELLS.

By GATES E. PADDOCK.

Station "A," Salt Lake City, Utah.

On the morning of October 1 of last year Lou and I arrived at the sloughs rather late, owing to a stampede on the part of "Bishop," the one-horse power "motor" of our buckboard, when, "HORROR OF HORRORS!" it was found that my shell case was gone,—jolted out of the rig on the way out. No time for restitution or remorse. I borrowed a box of shells from Lou (all he could spare), and beat it for my blind.

On the way I kicked myself several sound (mental) kicks. The morning was cloudy, and the stiff wind blowing off the "Big Lake" gave promise of a fine flight; and here I was with twenty-five shells.

As I was tossing out my decoys, several distant reports told that the flight was on. I had just time to snap a couple of shells in my gun (a new Harrington & Richardson hammerless that I was using for the first time), when, SWISH! a great flock of Gadwell whirled out of the dusk, and swooped over me. BANG! BANG! Curses! Missed slick and clean, and two precious shells were gone.

I crouched in my blind, nursing my disappointment, when "Down! from the east," and I saw two dark floating shapes against the faint rose that would soon be "dawn,"—mallards, and they were coming in nicely. Forty yards away they veered, and I raised my gun.

BANG! Down came the leader! Quick as a flash I turned the left barrel on the second bird, and he crumpled in the air, both birds (fine greenheads) falling within ten feet of the blind.

Whether this put new heart into me or whether my little gun needed those first two shells to break it in, I will not

say, but the fact remains that the next twenty shells brought me twenty birds. But this was not the end. The climax of the best day's sport I'd ever experienced was yet to come. It was noon. The flight was about over, and I had one shell left. Suddenly I heard Lou's voice, "Down! from the east." Then I heard that peculiar "honk," so familiar to hunters, and saw a V-shaped line of huge birds coming directly toward my blind. As they swooped into my decoys, not fifty yards from me, I raised my gun with its one puny No. 6 shell, and, lining up as many heads as possible, let drive.

It was right there that my little No. 12 Harrington & Richardson hammerless completely won my calloused heart, for three large "honkers" dropped stone-dead among the decoys.



